# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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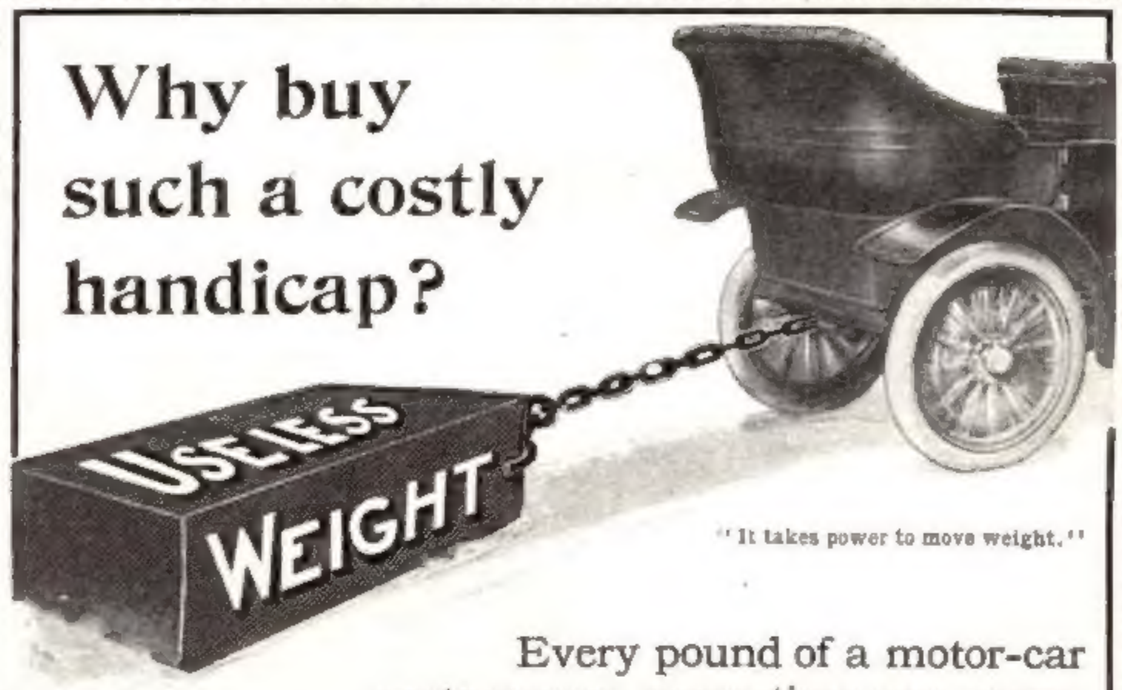


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# Commissioner Smith vs. The Standard Oil Co.

*From the Railway World, January 3, 1908.*

Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, whose zeal in the cause of economic reform has been in no wise abated by the panic which he and his kind did so much to bring on, is out with an answer to President Moffett, of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The publication of this answer, it is officially given out, was delayed several weeks, "for business reasons," because it was not deemed advisable to further excite the public mind, which was profoundly disturbed by the crisis. Now that the storm clouds have rolled by, however, the Commissioner rushes again into the fray.

Our readers remember that the chief points in the defense of the Standard Oil Company, as presented by President Moffett, were, (1) that the rate of six cents on oil from Whiting to East St. Louis has been issued to the Standard Oil Company as the lawful rate by employees of the Alton, (2) that the 18-cent rate on file with the Interstate Commerce Commission was a class and not a commodity rate, never being intended to apply to oil, (3) that oil was shipped in large quantities between Whiting and East St. Louis over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois at six and one-fourth cents per hundred pounds, which has been filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission as the lawful rate, and (4) that the 18-cent rate on oil was entirely out of proportion to lawful rates on other commodities between these points of a similar character, and of greater value, such, for example, as linseed oil, the lawful rate on which was eight cents. President Moffett also stated that thousands of tons of freight had been sent by other shippers between these points under substantially the same conditions as governed the shipments of the Standard Oil Company.

This defense of the Standard Oil Company was widely quoted and has undoubtedly exerted a powerful influence upon the public mind. Naturally the Administration, which has staked the success of its campaign against the "trusts" upon the result of its attack upon this company, endeavors to offset this influence, and hence the new deliverance of Commissioner Smith.

We need hardly to point out that his rebuttal argument is extremely weak, although as strong, no doubt, as the circumstances would warrant. He answers the points made by President Moffett substantially as follows: (1) The Standard Oil Company had a traffic department, and should have known that the six-cent rate had not been filed, (2) no answer, (3) the Chicago and Eastern Illinois rate was a secret rate because it read, not from Whiting, but from Dolton, which is described as "a village of about 1,500 population just outside of Chicago. Its only claim to note is that it has been for many years the point of origin for this and similar secret rates." The Commissioner admits in describing this rate that there was a note attached stating that the rate could also be used from Whiting.

The press has quite generally hailed this statement of the Commissioner of Corporations as a conclusive refutation of what is evidently recognized as the strongest rebuttal argument advanced by the Standard.

In fact, it is as weak and inconclusive as the remainder of his argument. The lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois do not run into Chicago. They terminate at Dolton, from which point entrance is made over the Belt Line. Whiting, where the oil freight originates, is not on the lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, which receives its Whiting freight from the Belt Line at Dolton. The former practice, now discontinued, in filing tariffs was to make them read from a point on the line of the filing road, and it was also general to state on the same sheet, that the tariff would apply to other points, e. g., Whiting. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois followed this practice in filing its rate from Dolton, and making a note on the sheet that it applied to Whiting. This was in 1895, when this method of filing tariffs was in common use.

Now let us see in what way the intending shipper of oil could be misled and deceived by the fact that the Chicago and Eastern Illinois had not filed a rate reading from Whiting. Commissioner Smith contends that "concealment is the only motive for such a circuitous arrangement," i. e., that this method of filing the rate was intended to mislead intending competitors of the Standard Oil Company. Suppose such a prospective oil refiner had applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the rate from Chicago to East St. Louis over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, he would have been informed that the only rate filed with the commission by this company was 6¼ cents from Dolton, and he would have been further informed, if indeed he did not know this already, that this rate applied throughout Chicago territory. So that whether he wished to locate his plant at Whiting, or anywhere else about Chicago, under an arrangement of long standing, and which applies to all the industrial towns in the neighborhood of Chicago, he would have his freight delivered over the Belt Line to the Chicago and Eastern Illinois at Dolton and transported to East St. Louis at a rate of 6¼ cents. Where then is the concealment which the Commissioner of Corporations makes so much of? Any rate—from Dolton on the Eastern Illinois or Chappell on the Alton, or Harvey on the Illinois Central, or Blue Island on the Rock Island, applies throughout Chicago territory to shipments from Whiting, as to shipments from any other point in the district. So far from the Eastern Illinois filing its rate from Dolton in order to deceive the shipper, it is the Commissioner of Corporations who either betrays his gross ignorance of transportation customs in Chicago territory or relies on the public ignorance of these customs to deceive the public too apt to accept unquestioningly every statement made by a Government official as necessarily true, although, as in the present instance, a careful examination shows these statements to be false.

The final point made by President Moffett that other commodities of a character similar to oil were carried at much lower rates than 18 cents, the Commissioner of Corporations discusses only with the remark that "the 'reasonableness' of this rate is not in question. The question is whether this rate constituted a discrimination as against other shippers of oil," and he also makes much of the failure of President Moffett to produce before the grand jury evidence of the alleged illegal acts of which the Standard Oil official said that other large shippers in the territory had been guilty. Considering the fact that these shippers included the packers and elevator men of Chicago the action of the grand jury in calling upon President Moffett to furnish evidence of their wrong-doing may be interpreted as a demand for an elaboration of the obvious; but the fact that a rate-book containing these freight rates for other shippers was offered in evidence during the trial and ruled out by Judge Landis, was kept out of sight. President Moffett would not, of course, accept the invitation of the grand jury, although he might have been pardoned if he had referred them to various official investigations by the Interstate Commerce Commission and other departments of the Government.

We come back, therefore, to the conclusion of the whole matter, which is that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was fined an amount equal to seven or eight times the value of its entire property, because its traffic department did not verify the statement of the Alton rate clerk, that the six-cent commodity rate on oil had been properly filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is no evidence, and none was introduced at the trial, that any shipper of oil from Chicago territory had been interfered with by the eighteen-cent rate, nor that the failure of the Alton to file its six-cent rate had resulted in any discrimination against any independent shipper,—we must take this on the word of the Commissioner of Corporations and of Judge Landis. Neither is it denied even by Mr. Smith that the "independent" shipper of oil, whom he pictures as being driven out of business by this discrimination of the Alton, could have shipped all the oil he desired to ship from Whiting via Dolton over the lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois to East St. Louis. In short, President Moffett's defense is still good, and we predict will be so declared by the higher court.

The Standard Oil Company has been charged with all manner of crimes and misdemeanors. Beginning with the famous Rice of Marietta, passing down to that apostle of popular liberties, Henry Demarest Lloyd, with his Wealth Against the Commonwealth, descending by easy stages to Miss Tarbell's offensive personalities, we finally reach the nether depths of unfair and baseless misrepresentation in the report of the Commissioner of Corporations. The Standard has been charged with every form of commercial piracy and with most of the crimes on the corporation calendar. After long years of strenuous attack, under the leadership of the President of the United States, the corporation is at last dragged to the bar of justice to answer for its misdoings. The whole strength of the Government is directed against it, and at last, we are told, the Standard Oil Company is to pay the penalty of its crimes, and it is finally convicted of having failed to verify the statement of a rate clerk and is forthwith fined a prodigious sum, measured by the car. Under the old criminal law, the theft of property worth more than a shilling was punishable by death. Under the interpretation of the Interstate Commerce law by Theodore Roosevelt and Judge Kenesaw Landis, a technical error of a traffic official is made the excuse for the confiscation of a vast amount of property.

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is the soap itself. The second-best advertisement is the factory, or rather the factories, in which it is made.

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A small army of men and women is employed. The conditions under which they work could hardly be improved upon. In winter, the buildings are comfortably warm. In summer, they are as cool as scores of revolving fans can make them. At all times of year, pure air and an abundance of light are provided.

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*The Procter & Gamble Co.*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

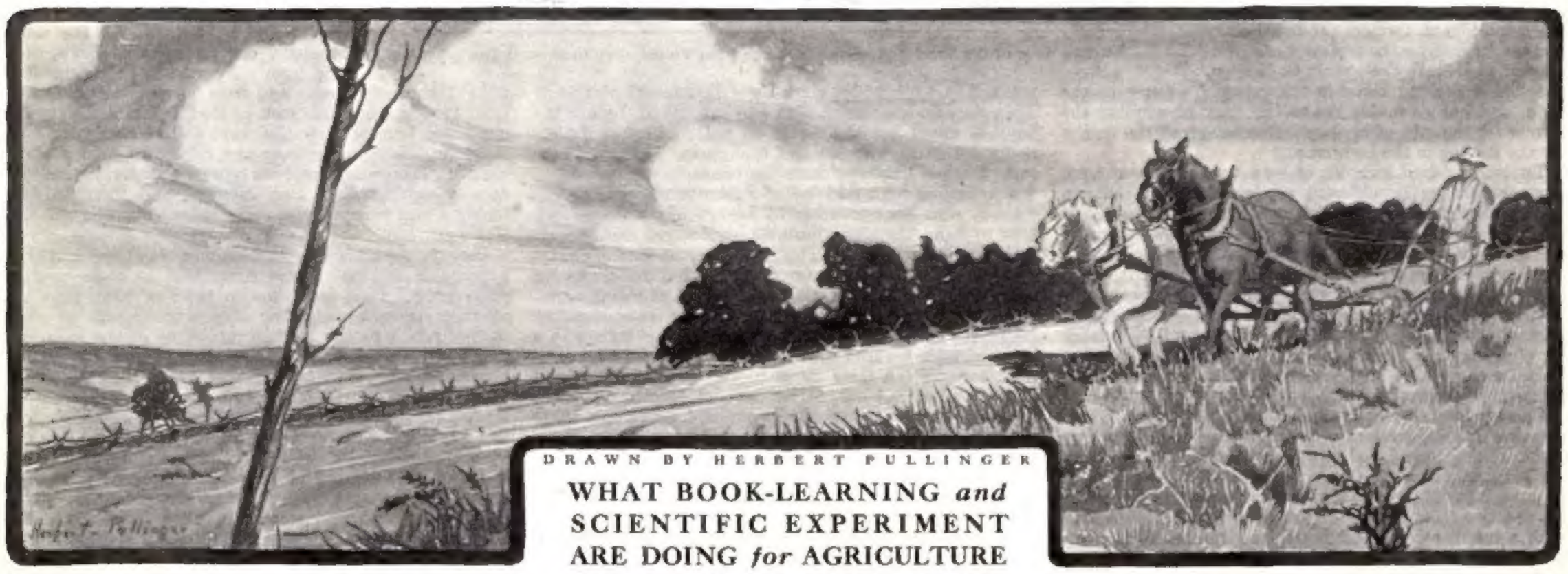
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 180 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 8, 1908 Number 32


# THE FARMER'S AWAKENING



DRAWN BY HERBERT PULLINGER

**WHAT BOOK-LEARNING *and* SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT ARE DOING *for* AGRICULTURE**

## By JOHN CORBIN

THE strength of our nation, it has been said, lies in the fact that every boy aspires to rise above the station of his father, and is able to do so. But what is the outlook of the farm boy? In the two decades from 1880 to 1900 the average value of American farms with their equipment almost doubled, mounting from three thousand five hundred and sixteen dollars to six thousand five hundred and thirty-one dollars. This was due in part to the increasing use of expensive farm machinery. Very largely it was due to a revolution in farm methods. Extensive farming is giving way to intensive farming. When rich land could be had for a few dollars an acre it was enough to skim the cream of a quarter section. With land worth from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty dollars an acre every furrow must be worked for its maximum yield, every head of stock must be bred and fed to produce the maximum return. Year by year it is becoming more necessary for a farmer to be, on the one hand, a man of capital and, on the other, a man of thrifty intelligence.

Some things are in the farm boy's favor. Farm labor commands a high wage, enabling him to save; while the difficulty of procuring labor of any sort disposes landowners to rent out such tracts as they cannot farm in person, rather than intrust them to an overseer. Yet, if the requisite of capital keeps on increasing, it will not be many decades before the ambition to own a farm will be all but impossible. Instead of rising, the farm boy will become a laborer, and a laborer without hope. Already there is a familiar touch in Rogers' description of the English farm hand: "He cannot cherish any ambition, and is, in consequence, dull and brutish, reckless and supine."

The hope of the farm boy, no less than of the boy who intends to live in the city, lies in education. As hired help, at the outset he should be one of intelligence, and, when he comes into his own, he must be a practiced master of his craft. Our educators have long been alive to the situation, especially in the West. Every State has its college of agriculture liberally endowed and manned by an able Faculty. But the number of students they have attracted is pitifully small.

The spirit of conservatism is abroad in the farm lands. A graduate of one of our foremost agricultural colleges lately went to a Southern State full of the hope of introducing modern scientific methods. His new neighbors had always broken the ground with a single horse dragging a single plow. As a farm boy in the North the missionary had been used to a team of four horses dragging four plows, which enabled one driver to do the work of four men. In college he had become familiar with traction engines, each dragging sixteen ten-inch plows, four six-foot harrows and a press drill for planting seed wheat, the whole capable of plowing, harrowing and planting from fifty to seventy-five acres a day, rough land or smooth, hillside or prairie. But he knew his neighbors, or thought he knew them, and began by hitching two horses to two plows. His neighbors were as deeply scandalized as if he had actually attacked morality and religion. Then they predicted dire failure to his crops. His only answer was: "Wait till you see my potatoes!" In due time they assembled, eager to confound the heretic. When they saw the yield of his land they stroked their beards, shifted their quids and departed in silence, with the air of one whose God has forsaken him.

The Hope of the Farm Boy Lies in Education

For untold thousands of years mankind has cultivated the land with implements. As surely as the man who first struck fire from flint marked forever the superiority of his race over the other animals, so surely did the man (or, what is more likely, the woman) who first broke ground and planted, mark the beginning of civilization. Yet our Puritan forefathers, who gave up home and country in the cause of freedom of conscience and freedom of the press—and, after them, their descendants, who wrested independence from England with rifle and sword—had no better farm implements than the wooden bull-plow and the wooden flail, which had served mankind unchanged in any essential feature since long before the dawn of history. As late as 1850, according to the Twelfth Census, the implements of agriculture were hand implements, excepting only the cotton gin.

Then came a sudden and mighty awakening to the value of farm machinery, the forerunner and prophet of an awakening to science which as yet is scarcely begun. What it has meant is very clearly recorded in a monograph by H. W. Quaintance, Ph. D.

1. The statistics of cereals show that, during the entire period of the introduction of farm machinery (1840-1900), the proportion of crops to population steadily increased: the population in 1900 was only four and forty-two hundredths times, while the production of cereals was seven and eighteen hundredths times, as great as in 1840.

2. Of the crops in which machinery has been a leading factor, each day's work now produces almost five times what it formerly produced.

3. The cost of production of the principal crops, though affected by the increase in wages, has been reduced one-half.

The human result of all this has been to make farm work easier and farm hours shorter, both for men and for women. The lumpish, stooping shoulders of the man with the hoe have given way to erect carriage and lithe stride. Increased leisure, abetted by rural delivery of mails, is making the modern farmer a reader and a thinker. In short, he is, in the words of J. R. Dodge, "a more efficient worker, a broader man and a better citizen."

Yet, much as machinery has meant to the farmer, science may and should mean more. But how awaken him to the grandeur of the opportunity? In the case of machinery the way was easy. We are an inventive people, and the farmer readily grasps what is apparent to his eye. Almost twice as much money is invested in farming as in all our other industries

combined; but while our schools of engineering—civil, mechanical, mining and electrical—are many and their graduates legion, the farmer is still content to educate his boy in the district school.

The agricultural college had an inspiration. It adapted an old motto: "If you would the farm boy win, with the farmer first begin!" And so we have agricultural extension, which brings the results of science to the farmer's eye.

Here is an incident that should jog the most self-satisfied. Iowa is above all other States agricultural, and corn is its great crop, the basis of its prosperity. In 1903 it was discovered that the crop was falling regularly below the normal yield of land of such fertility, the average being thirty-three bushels an acre, when intelligent farmers produced sixty and seventy. Now the professor of agronomy at the State College, P. G. Holden, has had a lifelong belief in the value of science to the farm, and has given his life to the task of winning the farmer for the sake of his boy. He discovered the reason for the decline in the corn crop.

The Ages of the Short-Course Pupils Range from Twenty-five to Seventy-five

Twelve hundred samples of seed corn, gathered from anxious farmers in different sections, showed that an average of eighteen per cent. of the kernels were dead, and that an additional nineteen per cent. were so low in vitality as to be unfit to plant. Much of the rest was so weak that, in a cold spring, such as actually followed, it would either fail to grow or give weak plants. Think what this means. The farmers were losing the use of over thirty per cent. of their land—of over thirty per cent. of their labor in planting and cultivating. And for what reason? Because they failed to make sure that the seeds they planted would grow.

One would naturally conclude that to test an ear of seed corn is a difficult matter. This is how it is done: Put two inches of moist sand, soil or sawdust in the bottom of any old box, and mark it out in squares. Take six kernels from each ear of seed corn, two near the butt, two near the tip and two from the middle, and place them in a square with a number corresponding to the number of the ear. Cover the whole with cheesecloth, and above it place two inches more of damp sand, soil or sawdust. Keep the box warm. In due time the live kernels will sprout, about as they would when planted. In cases where the kernels do not sprout or show feeble growth, feed the corresponding ears to live stock. Plant the rest. The smallness of the total amount of work required may be judged by the fact that it takes only fourteen ears of corn to plant an acre. At the expense of a few hours' labor on each farm the corn lands could be made to yield not sixty but ninety per cent. of the maximum crop, a gain to the farmers of some eighteen millions of dollars.

### Where the Railroads Come In

BUT how turn the discovery to practical account? The college did its heroic best by means of the mails; but no one knows better than the professor of agriculture how deeply rooted is the farmer's distrust of men of education. It remained for a railway man, W. H. Given, superintendent of the Rock Island, to suggest a plan—and it may be remarked in passing that, if there is one thing the farmer distrusts more deeply than college, it is the railroad. Mr. Given's motive was not educational, and by no means philanthropic. Each bushel that yielded the farmer forty cents would yield his road, for transporting corn or live stock, a fraction of a cent, and he was out for the fraction.

He placed at the disposal of Professor Holden and his staff a special train, on which they made a tour, stopping at every station to give an object-lesson in testing seed corn, with a short but very straight talk on what was to be gained by it. He also gave the farmers free transportation to and from the lectures. Other railways followed suit, until the Iowa town is a rarity that has not had its corn-seed demonstration.

I asked one of the corn-train professors whether the farmers were not eager for enlightenment. "Not altogether," he admitted with a smile. "It won't do to assume that you know more about farming than they do. I begin by telling them that they already know everything I am going to tell them. Then, when I have told them, I say: 'You men know all this. But why don't you *do* it? You are too shiftless to stir yourself to a few hours' work three days before planting!' Then they nudge one another and say, 'Well, I guess the boy has about got the rights on us!'" I asked if they really did grasp what he had told them. "Oh yes," he said; "when I showed them the boxes."

A traveling man told me of a farmer who exclaimed: "A boy with book-learning, by heck, told whiskered men how to mind their own business—whiskered men! And, by heck, he was right!" The "boy" was upward of thirty, and had been born on a farm; in the leisure left by his duties as a professor he cultivates a farm of eighty acres. Yet, after years of corn trains and similar enterprises, the young professor told me, not more than one farmer in a hundred tests his seed corn thoroughly. As for seed oats, most farmers fan them so as to eliminate the light and chaffy grains; but only fifteen per cent. fan them so as to eliminate also the small plump grains, leaving only those that are both plump and large.

The chief significance of all this lies in the fact that in no State is the level of agricultural intelligence higher than in Iowa. A man who had traveled extensively in the region west of the Missouri told me that, time and again, on remarking a thrifty-looking farm, he was met with the word that the man who owned it came from Iowa. One farmer said: "I call myself from Ioway; but I lived seven months there, and seven years in Kansas."

### Farmers Taught by Object-Lessons

THIS is only the most spectacular of many triumphs of agricultural extension. As early as 1886 the University of Wisconsin had originated the system of Farmers' Institutes, or meetings held in various districts for practical instruction and conference on all matters pertaining to the farm and farm life. The system has since spread over the larger part of the country. Any community can secure an institute by early application to the superintendent. This year Wisconsin will hold approximately one hundred two-days' institutes in all portions of the State, each especially adapted to the crops and conditions of the locality. There will also be half-a-dozen special feature institutes, treating tobacco, potatoes, corn and dairying. At the close of the institute season a round-up institute is held and many papers of timely interest presented. The Wisconsin Legislature, at its last session, voiced the popular appreciation of the institutes by increasing the annual appropriation for them from twelve to twenty thousand dollars.

Equally popular and beneficial are the "Farmers' Short Courses." Originated in 1899 by Dean Curtiss, of Iowa State College, they were at once widely imitated. While the regular work in the college is suspended for the Christmas holidays, the doors are thrown open to farmers, dairymen and stock-breeders. About two hundred and fifty attended the first short course, and the number gradually rose to a thousand. The ages of the short-course pupils range from twenty-five to seventy-five. Object-lessons, minute and thorough, are given in all points vital to the farmer, the dairyman, the stock-breeder and the horticulturist; and then follow contests in judging live stock, cereals and fruit.

The pupils who journey to the farmers' short courses are naturally much more eager and energetic than the average of farmers who attended the corn-train lectures and institutes, many of them having been successful farmers and stock-breeders for a lifetime. At the more prominent colleges, such as Iowa, they come from all parts of the continent—from Toronto to Texas and from Virginia to California.

In 1905 the business men of Red Oak, Iowa, raised a guarantee fund of three thousand dollars, and a dozen or so of professors came from the college to hold a short course. The course has been repeated yearly, the attendance mounting from two hundred and forty to four hundred and twenty; and other cities have followed Red Oak's example.

Perhaps the most thorough engines of extension are the experiment stations run in connection with the county poor farms. First instituted in Iowa in 1903, they are already spreading rapidly. The experiments at each station relate to the peculiar problems of the soils and crops of the vicinity, and give opportunity for object-lessons far more convincing than those of the seed trains. Time was when the farmer of the rich Western soils heaped his manure all winter long on the ice of his brook, and left it to be carried away in the spring, polluting the stream. To-day the value of manure is understood; and in many States, in which the soil is naturally poor or is becoming exhausted, owing to the unintelligent repetition of crops, the experiment stations give demonstrations in the adaptation of special artificial fertilizers to special soils.

The most popular form of experiment is the seed competition. Samples are obtained from each farm in the country round, and are planted and cultivated in separate plots under identical conditions. At harvest time there is a picnic on the farm, the attendance often rising as high as three thousand. The extension professors judge the rival exhibits, giving the reasons for their verdicts. As a rule, the men whose seeds turn out best are found to be the ones who have the thriftiest barns, the best machinery and the largest bank balance; and the professors are not slow to point out the relation intelligence bears to prosperity.

### Overcoming Handicaps of Soil and Climate

IN WISCONSIN—indeed, in many a live agricultural State—extension has been equally aggressive and successful. No factor has done more to increase its income than the work of Professor R. A. Moore in breeding cereal and forage plants. Wisconsin is primarily a dairy region. If you ask the way to the nearest grocer you will be told to go three cheese factories to the right and then two creameries to the left. Now corn is the first essential of the dairy industry. But the State lies north of the great corn belt, and large areas of it are swept by cold winds from Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. In some districts the growing season is so short that it used to be impossible even to grow corn for silage.

By years of selection and breeding of corn Professor Moore has produced two types, one adapted to the southern and western counties and another to the colder counties that border the Lakes. These improved breeds, together with improved methods of cultivation, have raised the average yield per acre to forty-one and a half bushels, placing the State in the second position in this respect, in spite of the handicaps of soil and climate. Professor Moore has been equally successful in developing corn for silage; and the same methods are now being applied with similar success to barley and oats.

Oat smut, a fungous growth that blasts the grain and spreads with amazing rapidity, is prevalent in the North Central States, and once cost Wisconsin millions of dollars every year. Loew, now of Tokyo, discovered the value of formaldehyde as a

Students of the University of Wisconsin College of Agriculture at Work in the Field

germ-killer about 1900. Bolley, then of the Indiana experiment station and now of North Dakota, was the first to use it against oat smut. Professor Moore took up the discovery and, by an exceedingly active extension campaign, has virtually eradicated the pest in Wisconsin.

The diseases of cattle have received similarly successful attention. Post-mortem demonstrations held at State and county fairs, and even before the Legislature, have awakened interest in the tuberculin test, by which it is possible to eliminate all affected cattle from a herd. Farmers attending the short courses have been taught to apply the test; tuberculin has been furnished free of charge, and individual cases have been handled by correspondence. During the past two years twenty-five thousand voluntary tests have been secured, and the affected animals disposed of according to law.

### The Conquering of Weeds and Frost

NO DETAIL escapes scrutiny. Every year hundreds of square miles of good farm lands are yellow with the pest of wild mustard. It was discovered in Germany that a solution of iron sulphate kills this and other weeds without harming the crops. Now iron sulphate is a by-product of the steel industry, and in 1906 the American Steel and Wire Company brought the German discovery to notice in America. The University of Wisconsin took the lead, and, by a series of demonstrations, has succeeded in largely exterminating mustard and other weeds, not only in Wisconsin, but in neighboring States.

The dread of the inland cranberry grower has been frost, even in the summer months. In Wisconsin the cranberry industry has been fostered by State appropriations, and has been under the special care of the university. By sanding and weeding the bogs and draining them of excessive water, the experiment stations have succeeded in keeping them six to eight degrees warmer, thus protecting them against frost during July and August, and in many cases making all the difference between the success of the crop and its utter failure.

Like all education worthy of the name, this extension work means more than a matter of dollars and cents. It means that the farmer wakes up to the manifold variety of the laws of Nature, their beauty and their magnificent certainty. Intelligent thrift is a double blessing. The story of Uncle Asa Turner, of Iowa, cannot be too often told. While instructing a class of fifty farmers in seed-corn judging, Professor Holden noticed a man of sixty hovering about the outskirts. Asked if he would not join the class, Uncle Asa answered: "No thanks. I'm too old. Just reconnoiterin' round." His real purpose, as he afterward confessed, was to see if any man "could talk about corn ten minutes without running out." Professor Holden insisted. Uncle Asa became deeply interested, and took home some seed-corn. The next year the Governor of Iowa offered a trophy for the best ear of corn in the State, and the man who had declared himself too old to learn, and who had been really too proud, won it. He is now the president of the Iowa Corn Growers' Association. Before his conversion he was tired of farm life and was planning to move into town for the rest of his days. Instead, he has built a new farmhouse and spends his declining years happily in the study of the things that for over half a century he had looked upon with unseeing and, therefore, weary eyes.

Extension teaching in the West does not go in for Nature poetry. Much hilarity was caused by the news that an Eastern professor had described to his bearded pupils how beautifully a clover folds up its leaves every night and puts them to sleep like children. And it is, in fact, an evil ideal that divorces beauty from utility.

In nothing is the admirable spirit of the extension work more evident than in the fact that it includes instruction for the wives and daughters of the farmers. On a trolley platform at Ames I fell in with a party of woman visitors, who were making merry over a demonstration in cutting and sewing corset-covers. One of the instructors had just admitted to me that extension had failed to eradicate the farmer's addiction to pie, but expressed the modest hope that the pie belt might still be led to produce a superior and digestible article. These two are sensational extremes. Between them lies a mean of sober utility. I transcribe the topics of a short course for women, lasting a single week:

Monday—Food: its use in the body. Digestion: the daily bill-of-fare, illustrated by charts and experiments. Demonstration: eggs and milk. Tuesday—Personal hygiene. Demonstration: cooking vegetables. Home decorations, illustrated. Wednesday—Meat: best and cheapest cuts, illustrated. Serving a meal, illustrated. Demonstration of the making of a kitchen apron. Care and feeding of little children. Exhibition and demonstration of a baby's outfit. Demonstration: invalid cooking. Thursday—Home nursing. Demonstration: making the patient's bed; bathing patient in bed; giving alcoholic rub, etc. Demonstration: simple desserts. Dress: the art of simple clothing; quiet colors in dress; good material. Demonstration of cutting and fitting shirtwaist. Friday—Demonstration: bread and rolls; charts showing yeast plants, cross section of a grain of wheat, gluten test, test of baking-powders. Travel. Correct things to do when traveling alone. Conduct in hotels and sleeping-cars. Saturday—Laundry work. Removing stains from linen. Washing table linens. Washing woolens and silk. Serving left-overs.

At the extension short courses prizes are given for over a score of household feats, such as making bread, muffins, doughnuts, cakes, pies with two covers, jellies, pickles and preserves; aprons, hemming, stitching, patching and darning. It is rigorously provided that the prizes "shall not include anything that is fanciful or not useful, such as false teeth, wedding invitations or Teddy-bears," and shall, on the contrary, include washing machines, books, rocking chairs, etc.

The latest thing at Ames is a movement to bring household economics before women's clubs; and, Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson having failed to convert our club women into suffragettes, there seems to be at least a fighting chance, especially with Teddy-bears and the rest excluded from the prizes. It is to farmers' wives, however, that the extension movement appeals most powerfully. They have been awakened to certain very real and wholesome rights, and their husbands, too. One farmer lately deposed that, in view of the fact that he had to renew his reaper every six or seven years, it did seem only fair that his wife should have a new range once in a generation or so. Her temper was better, he found, and also the cooking.

Extension work is, of course, quite apart from the primary functions of the college; and, in order to get a clear idea of agriculture as a creative science it may be well to take a glance at the results of professorial research before passing to the work of the student. Historically, indeed, the experiment station preceded both college teaching and extension.

### Putting the Dairy on a Paying Basis

PERHAPS the most famous discovery, as it was one of the very first, is the Babcock milk test. Invented in 1890 by the professor of agricultural chemistry at the University of Wisconsin, it shares with De Laval's centrifugal cream separator the credit of establishing the dairy on an economic, coöperative basis, literally creating untold millions in every State in the Union, and in every country on the globe. By a very simple appliance and in a very few minutes it determines the precise amount of butter fat in any sample of milk. It thus instantly exposes adulteration by water or skimming, putting the purchase and handling of milk on a basis of accurate knowledge. By means of it also the richness of the yield of each animal can be gauged; so that it has placed the feeding and breeding of milch cows on a scientific basis, and led to the development of a butter-producing cow.

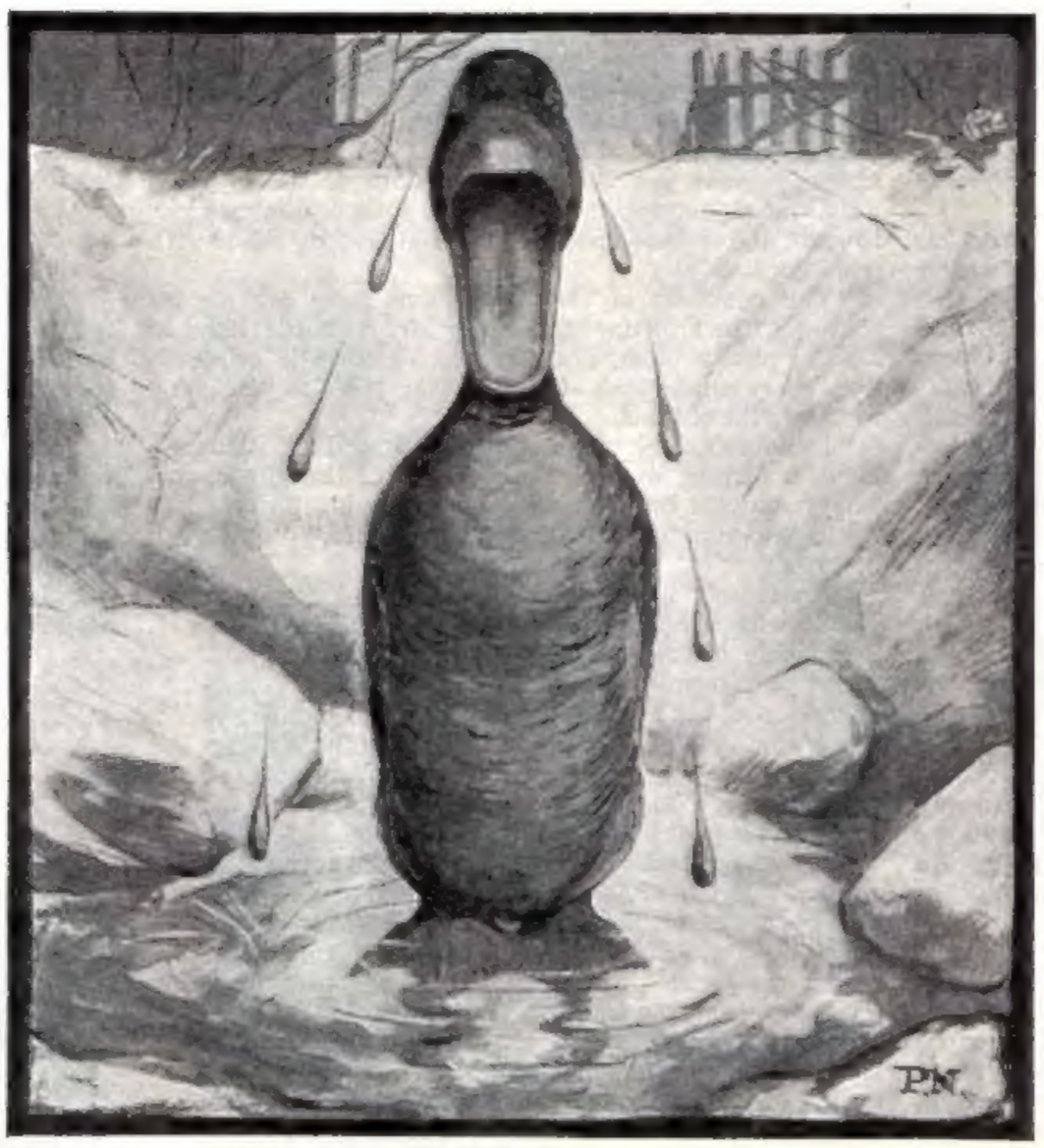
The Wisconsin curd test places in the hands of the factory a means of detecting milk which has been tainted or rendered defective by careless handling. The alkaline tablet test, invented at Wisconsin, affords an easy and quick means of determining the development of acidity in milk and cream, and also of measuring accurately their ripening. A description of a new process of determining the proportion of casein, the cheese-producing element, in milk, is now on the press. Hitherto the Babcock butter-fat test has been used for casein also; but experience has shown that casein does not vary in proportion to butter fat, and, moreover, is not in itself uniform. A refined chemical analysis is prohibitively slow and expensive. Professor E. B. Hart devised last summer a method that is as effective as it is simple. It is probable that this new test will enable breeders to develop a typical cheese cow, as they have already produced a butter cow.

Professor Babcock and Dean Russell have invented a revolutionary method of curing American Cheddar cheese. Previous experiments had seemed to show that the work had to be done at ordinary temperatures. In an experimental study of the different action of chemical ferments and living organisms they ripened cheeses below the freezing point in order to arrest the development of bacteria. To their surprise they found that, covering the cheeses with a thin layer of paraffin shortly after they were made, they produced an actually better quality than at ordinary temperatures; and at the same time they made a saving in shrinkage, which alone covered the increased cost of the process. No innovation has been more valuable to the industry.

*(Concluded on Page 26)*

# A Home-Made Puddle

VERSES AND PICTURE BY PETER NEWELL

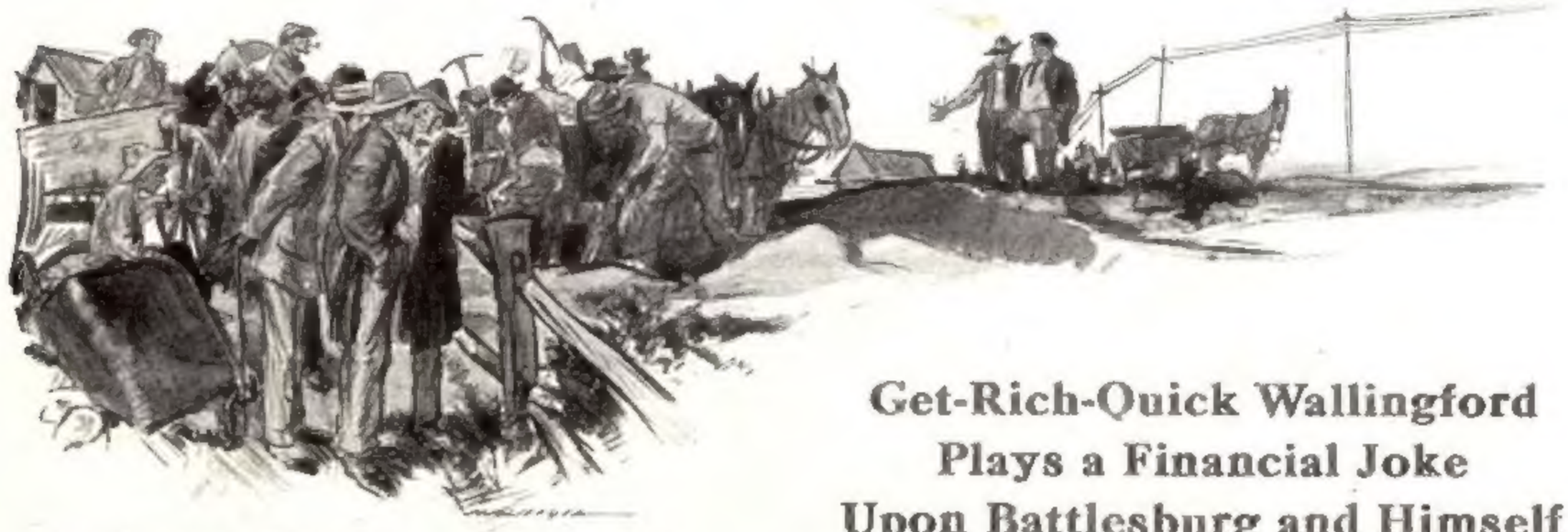



A Ducklet very much desired
To have a pond (or tank)
In which to paddle till he tired,
Then rest upon the bank.

But, since a pond could not be found,
He cried like one bereft—
The teardrops splashed upon the ground
To right of him and left.

He squalled an hour as it appears,
And then, to his surprise,
*He found himself afloat in tears,*
And quickly dried his eyes.

# A TRACTION TRANSACTION



Actual Construction Work had Begun upon the L., B. & E.

## Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford Plays a Financial Joke Upon Battlesburg and Himself

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

A PRIVATE car, with real people in it, had been left on the Battlesburg siding! Could it be the President? Long-legged Billy Ricks did not even wait to take a good look at it, but loped up the one long street, so fired with enthusiasm that he scarcely wobbled as his bony knees switched past each other in their faded blue overalls. He did not bother with people near the depot—they would find out soon enough; but at the little frame office of "Judge" Lampton, Justice of the Peace, Notary Public and Real-Estate Dealer, he bobbed his head in for a moment.

"Private car on the sidin'!" he bawled. "Name's 'Theodore'!" and he was gone.

Judge Lampton, smoking a long, ragged stogy, jerked his feet down from among the dust-covered litter of ages upon his combination bookcase-desk. Doc Gunther, veterinary surgeon and proprietor of the livery stable across the way, lifted his head forward from against the dark-brown spot it had made during the past years upon the map of Battlesburg, where it hung upon the wall, and vigorously took a fresh chew of tobacco. Then the two friends, without exchanging one word, stalked solemnly out of the office and toward the depot.

In the mean time Billy Ricks had paused to hurl his startling information in at the door of Joe Warren's cigar store, of Ben Kirby's cash grocery, of Tom Handy's Red Front saloon, of the Dogget Brothers' furniture and undertaking establishment, of the Barret & Lucas dry-goods and notion store, and of every other place of business on that side of the street, including the Palace Hotel, until he came to Gus Newton's drug store and confectionery, where the real dyed-in-the-wool sports of the town shot dice and played penny-ante in a little back room. Here he met a round half-dozen of these high-spirited youths piling out on the street with their eyes depot-ward.

"Private car on the sidin'!" Billy shouted to them. "Name's 'Theodore'!"

"Uh-huh," agreed Gus Newton, "I ordered it. It's late," and, shouting back further ready mendacity, his crowd hurried on.

Just in front of the Battles County Bank, Billy met Clint Richards, owner and city editor of the Battlesburg Blade. Clint was also reporter, exchange and society editor and advertising solicitor of the Blade, and, as became a literary man, he wore his hair rather long. He was in a hurry, and had his broad-brimmed black felt hat pulled down determinedly upon his head.

"Private car——" began Billy Ricks.

"Yes," interrupted Clint, "I know about it. Thank you," and his coat-tails fluttered behind him.

Billy stopped in dejection. The street that, when he started, had been so lazy and deserted, was now alive. People were pouring from all the places of business beyond him and hurrying toward him. Back of him they were all hurrying away from him. He had been outstripped by the telephone, and ungrateful Battlesburg would fail to connect him with the sensation in any way. Well, he might as well go down to the depot himself, and he turned in that direction; but now his feet shuffled.

At the siding the denizens of Battlesburg—men, women, children and dogs—were packed four deep around the glistening, rolling palace car "Theodore." Little groups of two and three and four, scattered from the depot platform to the siding, were discussing the occurrence excitedly, and Dave Walker, the station agent, turned suddenly crisp and brusque with importance, was refusing explanations, and then relenting in neighborly confidence with each group in turn. Clint Richards, pale but calm and confident, bustled through the quivering throng, and they all but set up a cheer as they recognized him. The vestibule being open, he pulled himself up the steps and tried the door. It was locked.

"Push the button, Clint," advised Gus Newton, who knew a thing or two, you bet! and Clint, with a smile and a nod in his direction, for Gus was an advertiser, rang the bell.

A brisk and clean-looking young negro in a white apron and jacket came to the door and Clint handed in his card. The porter disappeared. A moment later the news-gatherer was admitted. A sigh of relief went up from the waiting crowd, and they swayed in unison from side to side as they stood on tiptoe and craned their necks to see farther in through those broad windows.

Through the wicker-furnitured observation library the porter led the way into a rich compartment the full width of the car, where four of the earth's anointed, as any one might see from their rich apparel and adornments, were at lunch. They had evidently just sat down, for an untouched cocktail stood at each place. An extremely large and impressive gentleman, the breadth of whose white waistcoat alone proclaimed him as a man of affairs, arose to greet the representative of the Battlesburg Blade with great cordiality.

"The members of the progressive press are always welcome," he announced, clasping Mr. Richards' hand in a vast, plump palm, and exuding democratic good-will from every square inch of his surface. "We're just going to have a bit of lunch. Join us."

"I wouldn't think of intruding," hesitated Mr. Richards, his eyes leaping with an appreciation of the rare opportunity and his brain already busy framing phrases like "priceless vianda," "toothsome delicacies," "epicurean luxuries."

"Nonsense!" insisted the large man, and introduced his visitor with much pompous ceremony to Mr. Horace G. Daw, mine dealer and investment specialist; to Mrs. Violet Daw, formerly Violet Bonnie, the famous comic-opera queen, but now the happy bride of a month; to Mrs. Fannie Wallingford; to himself, J. Rufus Wallingford, recently retired manufacturer and capitalist, all guests of Mr. Wallingford and on pleasure bent, the occasion being the honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. Daw.

Mr. Richards was naturally overwhelmed at this close contact with two of America's leading millionaires, and he agreed with his host that the P. D. S. Railroad was positively the worst-conducted streak of corrugated rust in the entire United States. He was even more indignant than the travelers that, after having been promised a through train, they had been hitched to the local egg accommodation. Mr. Wallingford, however, had drawn the line when they reached Battlesburg. He had given the chills and ague to the entire transportation system of the P. D. S. by wire, and had finally been dropped off here to wait for the 3:45, which was a through train and the one which should have carried him in the first place. Why, for half a cent he would buy the P. D. S., plow up the right-of-way and sow it in pumpkins!

"I wish you would," rejoined Mr. Richards without a smile. "Sir, the P. D. S. is a disgrace to the science of railroading. Why, its through trains stop only on signal at this thriving manufacturing centre of four thousand souls. From your car windows here you may see the smoke belching forth from the chimneys of the Battlesburg Wagon Works, of the G. W. Battles Plow Factory, of the Battles & Handy Sash, Door and Blind Company, of the Battles & Son Canning Company, of the Battles & Battles Pure Food Creamery and Cheese Concern; and yet the only two through trains of the 'Pretty Darn Slow Railroad,' as we call it here, clink right on through! The Honorable G. W. Battles himself has taken up this matter and can do nothing, and when he can do nothing ——!"

The utter hopelessness of a situation for which the Honorable G. W. Battles himself could do nothing was so far beyond mere words that Mr. Richards turned from the subject in dejection and inquired about the financial situation back East. He found out all about it, and more. Mr. Daw and Mr. Wallingford, their faculty of invention springing instantly to the opportunity, helped him to fill his note-book to the brim, and turned him loose at last with one final glowing fabrication about the priceless, sparkling Burgundy which was served during the seven courses of the little midday morsel. Adorned with a big cigar, from which he did not remove the gold band, Mr. Richards hastened from the car, and to the pressing throng outside he observed, from the midst of an air of easy familiarity with the great ones of earth:

"That's Colonel Wallingford, the famous Eastern millionaire, and he's a prince! You certainly want to see the Blade to-night," and he hurried away to put his splendid sensation into type.

*II*

"COLONEL" Wallingford looked at his watch.

"Two hours yet!" he exclaimed with a yawn. "Two solid hours in a yap town that's not on the map. What shall we do with the time? Play cards?"

"What's the use?" demanded "Blackie" Daw. "If I'd win your money you'd choke me till I gave it back, and if you won mine I'd have you pinched."

"Let's get off then and look at the burg," suggested J. Rufus.

It was Mr. Daw's turn to yawn. He looked out on one side at the manufacturing portion of Battlesburg, and on the other side at the mercantile and residence portion.

"I think I can see all I want to remember of it from here," he objected; "but anything's better than nothing. Shall we go, Vi?"

"That's us," replied the sprightly bride, who was already beginning to respond to all Mr. Wallingford's suggestions with more alacrity than either Mrs. Wallingford or Mr. Daw quite approved. "Let's go wake 'em up, Jimmy. Ring for a carriage."

The invaluable porter was already exchanging his white coat and apron for his dark-blue coat and derby, and, in another moment, that dusky autocrat, his face calm with the calmness of them who dwell near to much money, had asked the crowd outside the way to a livery stable.

Billy Ricks projected himself instantly through the assemblage. "I'll show you," he said eagerly.

The Honorable Timothy Battles, Mayor of Battlesburg, had Also but Very Little to Say

The autocrat surveyed Billy Ricks briefly and gauged him accurately.

"Suppose you go get the best two-horse carriage, to seat four, that you can find in town," and in Billy's palm he pressed a half-dollar.

The excitement grew intense! The millionaires were positively to appear! Doc Gunther's best "rig," his rubber-tired one, came rolling down Main Street, turned, and drew up near the car. The porter, now wearing his official cap, jumped down with his stepping-box. Ah-h-h! Here they came!

First emerged huge, sleek Mr. Wallingford, looking more like a million cleverly-won dollars than the money itself. Mr. Daw stepped down upon the gravel, tall and slender, clad in glove-fitting "Prince Albert," his black mustache curled tightly, his black eyes glittering. Descended the beautiful, brown-haired Mrs. Wallingford, brave in dark-green broadcloth. Descended the golden-haired Mrs. Daw, stunning in violet from hat to silken hose. Perfectly satisfactory all of them; perfectly adapted to fill the ideal of what a quartette of genuine nabobs should look like! Under the skillful guidance of Mr. Wallingford they pranced up Main Street, of fully as much interest and importance as any circus parade that had ever wended its way along that thoroughfare.

The town of Battlesburg, converting a level, dusty country road into "Main Street" for a space, lay across the railroad like a huge tennis racquet, its hand-grip being the manufacturing district, its handle the business quarter, its net the residence section; and here were the first cross streets, little, short byways, the longest of them ten or twelve blocks in extent, and all ending against the fences of level fields. As they rode through the town, however, its pavements stirred to unusual liveliness by the great event, the impression that here was a place of merely sleeping money grew and grew upon J. Rufus Wallingford and appealed to his professional instincts.

"Some town, this," he concluded, turning to Mr. Daw. "They have rusty wealth here, and, if somebody will only give it a start, it will circulate till it gets all bright and shiny again. Then you can see by the flash where it is and nab it."

"Heads or tails to see who gets it," suggested Mr. Daw, and drew a dollar from his pocket.

"Heads!" called Mr. Wallingford, pulling on the reins, and just in front of the Baptist church the fate of Battlesburg was decided.

Mr. Daw flipped the coin in the air over Mrs. Wallingford's lap. Upon the green broadcloth the bright silver piece came down with a spat, and the Goddess of Liberty faced upward to the sky.

"I win the town," exulted J. Rufus as they rolled on out past the cemetery and toward Battles' Grove. "I don't know just yet how I'll milk it, but the milk is here."

"You wouldn't honestly come back to this graveyard, would you?" inquired Mrs. Daw. "Why, you'd die."

"If I did, I'd die with money in both hands," responded Mr. Wallingford. "I can smell money, and I don't think there's a pantry-shelf in this town without some spare coin tucked away in the little old cracked blue teapot. All you have to do is to play the right music, and all that coin will dance right out. I shouldn't be surprised that I'd come back here and toot a tune."

"There's no danger just yet a while," laughed Mrs. Wallingford. "In spite of this private-car splurge you have over a hundred thousand left from your cash-register deal. I never saw you get rid of money so slowly."

"He's a good-enough spender for me," stated Mrs. Daw, with a sidelong glance at him from her round blue eyes.

"I rather like this town, Jim," interposed Mrs. Wallingford quickly, catching that glance. "Let's do come back here and start up a business of some sort."

"I'm glad I lost," declared Mr. Daw vehemently. "It's too far away from a push-button."

He also had seen that glance. It was nothing to which he could object, of course, but he did not like it. A damper had somehow been put upon the spirits of the party, and, after they had driven far out of sight of the town, Mrs. Wallingford suggested that they had better turn back.

"I don't know," said her husband, looking at his watch. "We have nearly an hour and a half yet, and we can easily make it from here in half an hour."

"But what a long, long ways we are from a drink, if we wanted one," objected the sprightly Mrs. Daw. "Just think of all that fizzy red wine in the ice-box."

"You're a smart woman," declared J. Rufus with laughing enthusiasm, "and you win! Back we go."

They had scarcely proceeded a mile upon the return trip, however, when a shrill whistle screamed behind them. They turned, and there across the fields they saw a passenger train whizzing along at tremendous speed. The same thought came to them instantly.

"I thought there wasn't another train in that direction until 3:45," exclaimed Mr. Daw, "and now it is only 2:40!"

The team was abruptly stopped, and both men gazed accusingly at their watches. Suddenly Wallingford swore and whipped up the horses.

"We've Western time!" he called over his shoulder.

They made the trip back to Battlesburg at record speed, and just beyond the cemetery they met Billy Ricks, in the middle of the road. He had been running.

"Number Two's just been through, an' it took away your private car!" gasped Billy.

Mr. Wallingford, gazing straight ahead, made no intelligible answer, but he was muttering under his breath.

"Your colored gentleman tried to stop 'em," Billy went on with enthusiasm, delighted at the profound impression he had created, "but the conductor cussed an' said he had orders to stop here and take on private car 'Theodore,' an' he was goin' to do it. Number Two didn't even stop at the depot. It jus' backed on to the sidin' an' took your private car an' whizzed out, an' the conductor stood on the back platform damnin' Dave Walker till he was plumb out o' hearin'!"

Never in All Her Married Life had She Enjoyed Any Position Approaching This

Mrs. Wallingford smiled. Mr. Daw chuckled. Mrs. Daw laughed hilariously.

"Ain't that the limit?" she demanded. "Let's *all* be happy!"

"I jus' thought I'd come on out and tell you, 'cause you might want to know," went on Billy expectantly.

For the first time Mr. Wallingford looked at him, and the next minute his hand went in his pocket. Billy Ricks drew a long breath. Two half-dollars for officious errands in one day was a life record, and he trotted behind that carriage all the way to the depot, where Mr. Wallingford, with the aid of Dave Walker, immediately began to "warm up the wires."

It seemed that the management of the P. D. S. positively refused to haul the "Theodore" back to Battlesburg. It was not their fault that the passengers had not been aboard at the time they were warned Number Two would stop for them. They would hold the car at the end of that division, and instruct their agent at Battlesburg to issue transportation to the four on the next west-bound train; and that was all they would do!

The only west-bound train that night was a local freight; the only west-bound train in the morning was the accommodation which had brought them to Battlesburg; then came Number Two, the next afternoon. They drove straight to the Palace Hotel.

### III

PETE PARSONS, proprietor of the Palace, was the only man in Battlesburg who was not impressed by the high honor that a lucky accident had bestowed upon the city and upon his hostelry. Suspicion, engendered by thirty years of contact with a traveling public which had invariably either insulted his accommodations or tried to cheat him—and sometimes both—had soured his disposition and cramped his soul until his very beard had crinkled. Suspicion gleamed from his puckered eyes, it was chiseled in the wrinkles about his nose, it rasped in his voice; and the first and only thing he noted about Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford and his splendid company was that they had no luggage! Whereupon, even before the multi-millionaire had finished inscribing the quartette of names upon his register, he had demanded cash in advance.

Judge Lampton, who had edged up close to the register, was shocked by this crass demand, and expected to see the retired capitalist give Pete Parsons the dressing down of his life. Instead, however, Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford calmly abstracted, from a pocketbook bulging with such trifles, a hundred-dollar bill, which he tossed upon the desk, and went on writing. As impassive as Fate, Pete Parsons turned to his safe, slowly worked the combination, and still more slowly started to make change. In this operation he suddenly paused.

"Billy," said he to the ever-present Ricks, "run over to the bank with this hundred-dollar bill and see if Battles'll change it."

For just one instant the small eyes of Mr. Wallingford narrowed threateningly, and then he smiled again.

"Show us to our rooms," he ordered. "Send up the change when it comes."

He laid down the pen, but his hand had scarcely left the surface of the book when it was clutched by that of Judge Lampton.

"In the name of the judiciary and of the enterprising citizens of this place, I welcome you to Battlesburg," he announced.

Mr. Wallingford, "always on the job"—to use the expressive parlance of his friend Mr. Daw—drew himself up and radiated.

"Thank you," he returned. "All that you need to make this a live town is a good hotel."

The "Judge" shot at Pete Parsons a triumphant grin. Ever since Mr. Lampton had been denied credit beyond the amount of two dollars at the Palace Hotel bar, himself and Mr. Parsons had been "on the outs."

"Let me show you the very piece of property to build it on," he eagerly returned.

Only for a moment Mr. Wallingford considered.

"I'll look at it to-morrow morning," he said.

"I shall have the facts and figures ready for you, sir," and Judge Lampton swaggered out of the Palace Hotel on a bee-line for a little publicity.

It was scarcely half an hour later when Clint Richards called at Mr. Wallingford's room with four copies of the Battlesburg Blade.

"I brought these up myself, Mr. Wallingford," he explained, "to show you that Battlesburg is not without its enterprise. Twice this afternoon the Blade was made over after it was on the press; once when the P. D. S. stole your private car—stole, sir, is the word—and again upon Judge Lampton's report of his important conversation with you. If you should decide to invest some of your surplus capital in Battlesburg, I am sure that you will find her progressive citizens working hand in hand with you to make that investment profitable."

The Battlesburg Blade consisted of four pages, and the first one of these was devoted entirely to that eminent financier, Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford.

EASTERN MILLIONS HERE

was the heading which, in huge, black type, ran clear across the top of the page just beneath the date-line. Beneath this was a smaller black line, informing the public that these millions were represented in the persons of those eminent captains of industry, Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford and Mr. Horace G. Daw. Beneath this, in the centre four columns of the six-column page, was another large-type headline:

ROBBED OF THEIR PRIVATE CAR "THEODORE" BY THE BUNGLING P. D. S.

In the centre two columns was this boxed-in, large-type announcement:

> LATER!
>
> It is rumored upon good authority that these wide-awake millionaires may invest a portion of their surplus capital in wide-awake Battlesburg. Huge hotel projected.

The article which filled the balance of the page was an eloquent tribute to the yellow genius of Mr. Richards. With flaming adjectives and a generous use of exclamation points it told of the marvelous richness of the private car "Theodore," owned, of course, by the gentlemen who were traveling in it; of the truly unparalleled sumptuousness of the feast that was served by these charmingly democratic gentlemen to the humble representative of the Blade; of the irresistible beauty and refinement of their ladies; of the triumphs of Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford in the milk-stopper

business, the carpet-tack industry, the insurance field, the cash-register trade, successive steps by which he had arisen to his present proud eminence as one of the powers of Wall Street; of Mr. Daw's tremendously successful activity in gold mining, in rubber cultivation, in orange culture and in allied lines, where deft and brilliant stock manipulations had contributed to the wealth of the nation and himself; of the clumsy and arrogant blundering of the P. D. S. Railroad, which, until this lucky accident, had always been a detriment to the energetic city of Battlesburg. It was easy to see by the reading of this article that the P. D. S. R. R. did not advertise in the Battlesburg Blade, and that it now issued no passes to the press, and Mr. Richards took occasion to point out, as he had so often before urged, that, if a traction line could only be induced to parallel the P. D. S. and enter Battlesburg, it would awaken that puerile railroad from its lifelong lethargy and infuse a new current of life and activity into the entire surrounding country, besides earning for itself a handsome revenue.

It was this last clause that plunged Mr. Wallingford into profound meditation.

"A traction line," he said musingly, by and by. "I'm a shine for overlooking that bet so long, but when we get through this voyage of joy, just watch my trolleys buzz. I'm coming back here and jar loose all the money that's not too much crusted to jingle."

"But, Jim," protested Mrs. Wallingford thoughtfully, "you couldn't build a traction line with a hundred thousand dollars!"

"How little you know of business, Fannie," he rejoined, with a wink at Mr. Daw. "I can tear up a street, level a small hill and buy two tons of iron rails with one thousand, and have the rest to marry to other money. Blackie, I'm glad I won this town from you. I'd hate to think of all the good coin hidden away under the cellar stairways here being paid over for your fine samples of four-color printing. They don't need phoney gold-mining stock in this burg. What they need is something live and progressive, like a traction line."

"I know," agreed Mr. Daw with a grin. "You'll organize an air line and sell them the air."

"Don't, Jim," protested Mrs. Wallingford. "You're clever enough to make honest money, and I know it. Other people do. A hundred thousand is a splendid nest-egg."

"To be sure it is," assented Mr. Daw. "Watch Jim set on it! If he don't hatch out a whole lot of healthy little dollars from it I'll grow hayseed whiskers and wear rubber boots down Broadway."

There was another knock at the door. This time it was Judge Lampton, and with him was a nervous, wiry man, in black broadcloth and a vest of the same snowy whiteness as his natty mustache.

"Mr. Wallingford," said Judge Lampton, tingling with pride, "permit me to introduce the Honorable G. W. Battles, president of the Battles County Bank, of the Battlesburg Wagon Works, of the G. W. Battles Plow Factory, of the Battles & Handy Sash, Door and Blind Company, of the Battles & Son Canning Company, of the Battles & Battles Pure Food Creamery and Cheese Concern, and of the Battlesburg Chamber of Commerce."

As one seasoned financier to another these two masters of commerce foregathered gravely upon matters of investment and profit. The Honorable G. W. Battles was a man who believed in his own enthusiasm and had command of many, many words, a gift which had been enhanced by much public speechmaking, and now, in a monologue that fairly scintillated and coruscated, he laid before J. Rufus Wallingford the manifold advantages of investment in the historic town that had been founded by his historic grandfather.

Before he was entirely through all that he could, would or might have said there came another knock at the door. Judge Lampton, who had retired immediately upon introducing the Honorable G. W. Battles, had returned, and with him was Max Geldenstein, proprietor of the Rock Bottom clothing store, not only in Battlesburg, but also in Paris, London, Dublin, Berlin and Rome, all six cities being in or adjacent to Battles County. He was also a director in the Battles County Bank and in the Battles & Son Canning Company, a city councilman and a member of the Chamber of Commerce. He, too, extended a welcoming hand to the chance millionaire and invited him most cordially to become one of them. Came shortly after, in tow of the indefatigable Judge Lampton, the Honorable Timothy Battles, mayor of Battlesburg and illustrious son of the Honorable G. W. Battles, bearing with him the keys of the city. Came, too, Lampton-led, Mr. Henry Quig, coal and ice magnate, and the largest stockholder, except the Honorable G. W. Battles, in the Battlesburg Gas and Electric Light Plant; also a member of the City Council and of the Chamber of Commerce.

It became necessary to subsidize the dining-room after eight o'clock, and, until far into the night, Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw entertained the leading gentlemen of the city, who, under the efficient marshalship of Judge Lampton, came to help the Judge sell a building-lot and to present their respects to these gentlemen of boundless capital. What need is there to tell how J. Rufus Wallingford, he of the broad chest and the massive dignity, arose to the opportunity of presiding as informal host over Battlesburg's entire supply of twenty-one bottles of champagne? Suffice it to say that, when the last callers had gone, he mopped his perspiring brow and turned to Blackie Daw with a chuckle in which his entire body participated.

"They will do it, eh, Blackie?" he commented. "Just come and beg to be skinned! What will you give me for one side of Main Street?"

"It would be a shame to split it," observed Mr. Blackie Daw. "Keep it all, J. Rufus. I'm only a piker. If I make ten thousand on a clean-up I think I'm John W. Gates, and if I made more I'd have to go to a sanitarium. I can't trot in your class."

But J. Rufus was in no humor for banter. He looked at the array of empty bottles and glasses upon the long dining-room table and nodded his head in satisfaction.

"It's been a good night's work, Blackie," he concluded, "and, when I come back here, I'm going to jam a chestnut bur under the tail of this one-horse town. To-morrow morning I'm going to be an investor in Battlesburg real estate, and the traction line idea must be kept under cover for a while. Don't breathe a word of it."

The next morning, in pursuance of this idea, Mr. Wallingford went forth with Judge Lampton and looked at property. Between the Palace Hotel and the depot was an entire vacant block, used at present for mere grazing purposes by Doc Gunther, and Mr. Wallingford agreed that this would be an admirable site for an up-to-date, six-story, pressed-brick hotel. He even went so far as to sketch out his idea of the two-story marble lobby—a fountain in the centre—balcony at the height of the first floor ceiling—arched orchestra bridge! On the other side of the street, a little above the bank and on a block occupied at present by a blacksmith shop and a prehistoric junk-heap, he gave a glowing word picture of the new Grand Opera House that should be erected there. Farther up the street was another cow-pasture, over which he thought deeply, but his thoughts he carefully kept to himself, and both Clint Richards and Judge Lampton dreamed great, puzzling dreams by reason of that very silence. Up in the residence district Mr. Wallingford picked out three splendid lots, one of which he did not hesitate to say would make an admirable site for an up-to-date apartment house, and one of the others—he had not decided which—would make an admirable location for a private residence.

He bought none of this property, but he took ninety-day options on all seven pieces, paying therefor from ten to fifty dollars upon each one, and leaving in the town of Battlesburg, aside from his hotel and livery bill and other expenses, not less than two hundred and fifty dollars of real money, each dollar of which glowed with a promise of many more to come. It is needless to say that the Battlesburg Blade that evening did full honor to these wholesale transactions. It took all of the first page and part of the last to do that; even the telegraphic account of the absorbing and scandalous Estelle Lightfoot murder romance, clipped from the Chicago morning papers, had to be condensed for that day to half-a-dozen lines.

*IV*

BILLY RICKS, shambling after dandelion greens, stepped out of the road to let a great, olive-green touring-car go tearing by and bounce over the railroad track. A second or so later he breathlessly dashed into the near-by office of the wagon works and grabbed for the telephone.

"That millionaire that went through here in his private car a couple o' weeks ago has come back to town in his automobile," he told Clint Richards.

"I know it," was the answer. "He's just stopped in front of the Palace Hotel," and with a sigh Billy Ricks hung up the telephone receiver, eying that instrument in huge disfavor.

In the mean time, Main Street, which had relapsed into slumber for two weeks, was once more wide awake. Hope and J. Rufus Wallingford had come back to town. There was no avenue of trade that did not feel the quickening influence within an hour. Even his appearance, as he stepped from the touring-car, clad richly to the last detail of the part, conveyed a golden promise. Mrs. Wallingford, mostly fluttering veil, was another promise, and even the sedate G. W. Battles so far forgot his dignity as to come across from the bank in his bare head and shake hands with the great magnate. Quick as he was, however, Judge Lampton was there before him. His half of the option money left behind by Mr. Wallingford had wrought a tremendous change in the Judge, for now the beard that he had worn straggling for so long was cut Vandyke and kept carefully trimmed.

Warmed by their enthusiastic reception, the Wallingfords amiably forgot the purely private and personal quarrel between Mrs. Wallingford and Mrs. Violet Bonnie Daw, which had disrupted the happy quartette and nipped in the bud an itinerary that had been planned through to San Francisco; and they plunged into a new life with great zest. For years J. Rufus had been content to make a few thousand dollars and spend them, but his last haul of a hundred and fifty thousand that he had received from the perfectly legitimate sale of another man's patent, for which the inventor got nothing, had stirred in him the desire not merely to live like a multimillionaire, but to be one.

As the first step in his upward and onward progress he transferred his hundred thousand dollars from an Eastern depository to the Battles County Bank. Next he took ninety-day options upon all the unoccupied property in Battlesburg, including several acres of ground beyond the Battles & Battles Pure Food Creamery and Cheese Concern. He was not so foolish as to pay cash for these options, however; instead, he gave ninety-day notes, writing across the face of each one: "Not negotiable until after maturity." The first of these notes Judge Lampton took to the Honorable G. W. Battles inquiringly. The autocrat of Battles County merely smiled.

"I'll lend you face value on it, Tommy, any time you want it," he observed; and that was the last notch in establishing the local credit of J. Rufus Wallingford, for Judge Lampton was in his way as persistent a disseminator as Billy Ricks himself.

Mr. Wallingford's last act before he left Battlesburg "for a little pleasure jaunt" was to acquire the Star Boarding House and give Judge Lampton *carte blanche* to fit up that magnificent ten-room structure as a private residence, according to certain general plans and requirements laid down by the purchaser. When Mr. and Mrs. Wallingford came back two weeks later, that palatial dwelling was perfect in all its arrangements and appointments, even to the stocking of its cellars and the hiring of Letty Kirby as cook and Bessie Walker as maid, and of

Until Far into the Night Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw Entertained the Leading Gentlemen of the City

(Continued on Page 28)

# A SENATOR OF THE SIXTIES

## Personal Recollections of William M. Stewart, of Nevada

## Forty-niner and for Twenty-nine Years in Congress

EDITED BY GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN
ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

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IN THE summer of 1850, only a few months after my arrival in California by way of the Isthmus, I was working a mining claim with a young man named Doctor Merrick. One morning I awoke to see a covered wagon with two oxen which had been unyoked and were grazing on a grassplot near a spring in the ravine below me. I soon discovered that a line had been drawn from the wagon to a clump of rocks, upon which were hung several female garments to dry

Women were so scarce in California at that time that this was sufficient to arouse the whole camp. The "boys," as we were called, were scattered along the Coyote diggings for a distance of about four miles, and when anything unusual happened, the words "Oh, Joe!" would be passed along the whole line.

When I saw the female garments I raised the usual alarm, "Oh, Joe!" and this called the attention of the miners on Buckeye Hill, where I was, to the clothesline which had attracted my attention. They gathered around on the hill, nearly surrounding the covered wagon and its contents.

The rush of the boys in the immediate vicinity to see the wonderful sight attracted those farther away, and, in less than ten minutes, two or three thousand young men were anxiously watching the wagon, clothesline and mysterious lingerie. The man that belonged to the woman inside, in alarm, stuck his head out of a small tent beside the wagon. I assured him that no harm was intended, but that we were very anxious to see the lady who was the owner of the clothes. This aroused her curiosity sufficiently to induce her to pull the curtain of the tent aside so that her face could be discovered, but not fully seen.

I then proposed that we make a donation to the first lady who had honored our camp with a visit. I took from my camp a buckskin bag, used for the purpose of carrying gold, and invited the boys to contribute. They came forward with great eagerness and poured out of their sacks gold dust amounting to between two and three thousand dollars. Then I proposed to appoint a committee to wait on the lady and present it. The motion was unanimously carried, and one of the gentlemen appointed on the committee suggested that I be made chairman.

I took the sack of gold and went within about thirty feet of the tent and made as good a speech as I could to induce the lady to come out, assuring her that all the men about her were gentlemen, that they had seen no ladies for many months, and that the presence of one reminded them of their mothers and sweethearts at home. I told her the bag of gold was hers on condition that she would come out and claim it.

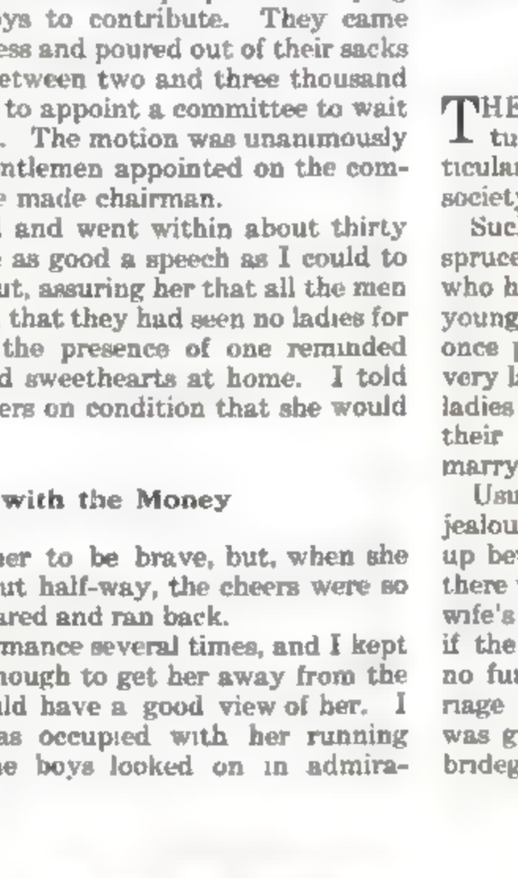
### Got Away with the Money

HER husband urged her to be brave, but, when she finally ventured about half-way, the cheers were so vociferous that she was scared and ran back.

She repeated this performance several times, and I kept moving slowly back far enough to get her away from the little tent so the boys could have a good view of her. I suppose half an hour was occupied with her running back and forth while the boys looked on in admiration, when I finally gave her the bag with all the good wishes of the camp. She grabbed it and ran into the tent like a rabbit.

The next morning the wagon, oxen, man and owner of the female garments were gone, and we never heard of them in after life. It was no doubt well they hastened their departure, for in those days it was a very usual occurrence for the young wife coming to that country to be persuaded to forsake her husband on their arrival in the new camp.

The immigrants of 1850 included thousands of newly-married young people whose wedding journey included all the hardships and privations of crossing the plains. These hardships made the men look rather rough and scrubby, and they were all miserably poor.



These Young Men Were Very Anxious for Ladies' Society

### Divorces Made to Order

THE women were young, and after they had an opportunity to wash their faces looked more attractive—particularly to the miners, who had been deprived of female society for many months and had accumulated some money.

Such young men usually indulged in store clothes and spruced up. The contrast between them and the immigrant who had just crossed the plains was very marked. These young men were very anxious for ladies' society, and at once paid court to the young married women, and in a very large number of cases they were able to persuade the ladies that they were not fully appreciated at the time of their marriage, and that they had made a mistake in marrying beneath them.

Usually, the husband, naturally enough, became very jealous and tried to prevent the sociability which sprung up between his wife and the spruce young miner. Then there would be angry words between the husband and the wife's admirer, which frequently resulted in blows, and if the husband got the worst of it his wife would have no further use for him. The miner would propose marriage if a divorce could be obtained. Extreme cruelty was given as the reason for the divorce. The intended bridegroom was always a ready witness to swear to a case of extreme cruelty.

The miners made their own laws and enforced them. Their rules and regulations provided for the location of claims, the size of them and the amount of work necessary to hold possession. Each mining camp or district made its own independent laws, but the laws of the various districts were similar, so that a miner going from one district to another would readily understand them.

On one occasion, in 1850, I was chosen as umpire to decide the case of a man who had intruded upon another's claim with a small tent. The testimony showed that the original owner had complied with the regulations and was entitled to the claim, and that the man who put up the tent was an intruder. I so decided, and with my pick on my shoulder walked back to the claim with the party whom we held to be the rightful owner, to put him in possession.

The man who lost the case ran to his tent, and as we came up to the claim he rushed to the opening with a pistol and fired it, but, as I foresaw his purpose, I threw my pick and hit his hand so that the bullet went past me without doing any harm. Then the boys were intent upon hanging him for it. I interfered in his behalf, but had a very difficult time to save him.

"Oh, Joe!"

Finally, they agreed to let him go, on condition that he would leave in ten minutes and never come back to camp. He was very much relieved, and said that five minutes was more than he needed to get started.

One day in the spring of 1852 I was prospecting in the vicinity of a mining town called Rough-and-Ready, about ten miles from Nevada City. I rode a mule and had a pair of navy revolvers in holsters, as was customary in those days. I did not expect to use them, but it was always considered convenient to have them.

As I rode up to a watering-trough in the town to water my mule, a small man, equipped as I was with pistols, rode up to water his mule. As our mules were drinking I observed a company of men, fifty or more, leading a fine-looking man, six feet tall and stripped of all clothing except his pantaloons, evidently for the purpose of whipping him, as one of the party carried a huge horsewhip.

The little stranger watering his mule turned to me and said: "That is wrong. Dare you stop it?"

I replied: "With you, I dare," and drew out my pistol, while he did the same. I cried out at the top of my voice:

"Stop! you have got the wrong man!"

As I made that remark they were about to pass under a building that had no roof, but with some boards on the upper floor, and a ladder leading up to it. I called to them to put the prisoner up that ladder and appoint a committee. Mobs will usually act when the word of command is given. They put him up and named me as first man on the committee. I climbed up to the man on the boards and asked him who he was. He said his name was Owens.

"Where did you come from?"

"From Sonoma Valley."

"What did you come here for?"

"To go into the sawmill business."

"Who is connected with you in Sonoma Valley?"

"A man by the name of Taylor."

"What are you accused of?"

"Of stealing three hundred dollars in Mexican doubloons."

"Did you steal them?"

"No."

"Where did you get them?"

"I got them at Burgoyne's Bank in San Francisco, where my partner and myself did business."

"Why are you accused of stealing them?"

"I slept last night in the corral up there, and as I was getting up this morning the sack containing the money rolled out from under my head where I had kept it during the night. The man who accuses me claims it is his money, and that I stole it."

As I Foresaw His Purpose, I Threw My Pick and Hit His Hand

"Where is the money?"

"The men who arrested me have it."

"Have you any letters or papers?"

"Yes, in my coat pocket."

I searched the victim's coat, and the letters explained the whole thing straight. Just at that moment I saw a man on a mule galloping down the street as fast as he could. I said: "There's your man; get him."

The mob started after him, but he jumped over a steep bank into the Yuba River, which was a raging torrent, and was drowned.

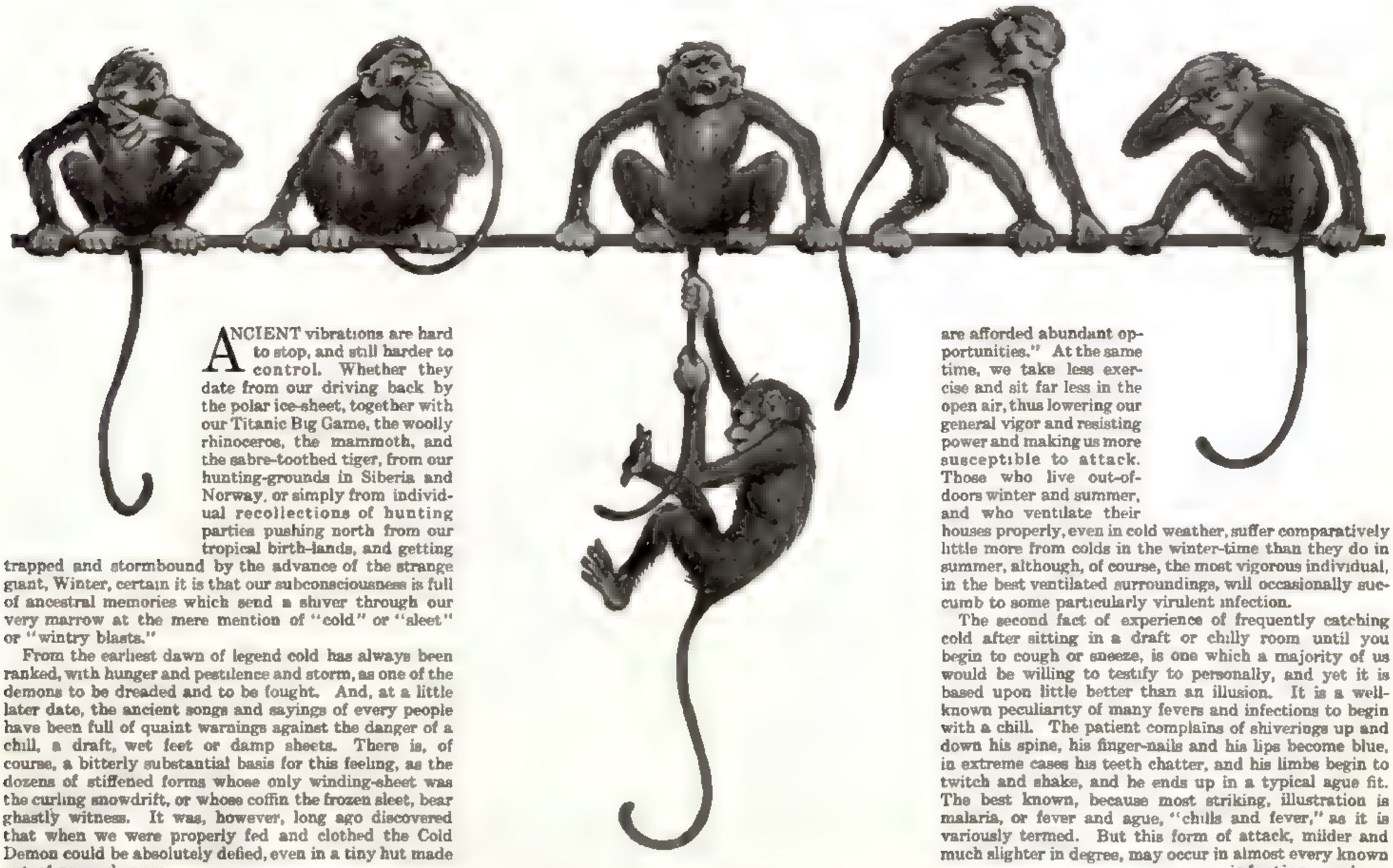
When I arrived at Virginia City in March, 1860, I found a large number of people living there in tents, behind rocks, in holes in the ground, and in every possible way they could devise to protect themselves from the prevailing inclement winds.

What is now Nevada was then a part of Utah. The people of California knew little of Utah laws, distrusted everything connected with Utah, and consequently organized corporations in California to work the mines. Nearly all of the corporations owning claims on the Comstock vein employed me as their counsel, and were very

(Concluded on Page 25)

# Colds and How to Catch Them

## Traps and Bait for the Biggest Bugaboo of Daily Life



By WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

DECORATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

ANCIENT vibrations are hard to stop, and still harder to control. Whether they date from our driving back by the polar ice-sheet, together with our Titanic Big Game, the woolly rhinoceros, the mammoth, and the sabre-toothed tiger, from our hunting-grounds in Siberia and Norway, or simply from individual recollections of hunting parties pushing north from our tropical birth-lands, and getting trapped and stormbound by the advance of the strange giant, Winter, certain it is that our subconsciousness is full of ancestral memories which send a shiver through our very marrow at the mere mention of "cold" or "sleet" or "wintry blasts."

From the earliest dawn of legend cold has always been ranked, with hunger and pestilence and storm, as one of the demons to be dreaded and to be fought. And, at a little later date, the ancient songs and sayings of every people have been full of quaint warnings against the danger of a chill, a draft, wet feet or damp sheets. There is, of course, a bitterly substantial basis for this feeling, as the dozens of stiffened forms whose only winding-sheet was the curling snowdrift, or whose coffin the frozen sleet, bear ghastly witness. It was, however, long ago discovered that when we were properly fed and clothed the Cold Demon could be absolutely defied, even in a tiny hut made out of pressed snow and warmed by a smoky seal-blubber lamp; that the Storm King could be baffled just by burrowing into his own snowdrifts and curling up under the crust, like an Eskimo dog. Hence, nearly all the legends depict the hero as finally defying and conquering the Storm King, like Shingebis in the Song of Hiawatha.

The ancient terror, however, still clings, with a hold the more tenacious as it becomes narrowed, to one large group of these calamities believed to be produced by cold, namely, those diseases supposed to be caused by exposure to the weather. Even here, it still has a considerable basis in fact; but the general trend of opinion among thoughtful physicians is that this basis is much narrower than was at one time supposed, and is becoming still more restricted with the progress of scientific knowledge. For instance, fifty years ago, popular opinion, and even the majority of medical belief, was that consumption and all of its attendant miseries were chiefly due to exposure to cold. Now we know that, on the contrary, abundance of pure, fresh, cold air is the best cure for the disease, and foul air and overcrowding its chief cause. An almost equally complete about-face has been executed in regard to pneumonia. Prolonged and excessive exposure to cold may be the match that fires the mine, but we are absolutely certain that two other things are necessary, namely, the presence of the diplococcus, and a lowered and somewhat vitiated state of bodily resistance, due to age, overwork, underfeeding, or overindulgence in alcohol.

### Where Pneumonia is a Thing Unknown

NOT only do these two diseases not occur in the land of perpetual cold, the frozen North, except where they are introduced by civilized visitors—and scarce a single death from pneumonia has ever yet occurred in the crew of an Arctic expedition—but it has actually been proposed to fit up a ship for a summer trip through the Arctic regions, as a floating sanatorium for consumptives, on account of the purity of the air and the brilliancy of the sunlight.

There is one realm, however, where the swing of this ancient superstition vibrates with fullest intensity, and that is in those diseases which, as their name implies, are still believed to be due to exposure to a lowered temperature—"common colds." Here again it has a certain amount of rational basis, but this is growing less and less every day. The present attitude of thoughtful physicians may be graphically indicated by the flippant inquiry of the riddle-maker, "When is a cold not a cold?" and the answer, "Two-thirds of the time." This much we are certain of already: that the majority of so-called "colds" have little or nothing to do with exposure to a low temperature, that they are entirely misnamed, and a better term for them would be *fouls*. In fact, this proportion can be clearly and definitely proved and traced as infections spreading from one victim to another. The best place to catch them is not out-of-doors, nor even in drafty hallways, but in close, stuffy, infected hotel bedrooms, sleeping-cars, churches and theatres.

Two arguments in rebuttal will at once be brought forward, both apparently conclusive. One is that colds are vastly more frequent in winter, and the other that when you sit in a draft until you feel chilly, you inevitably have a cold afterward. Both these arguments alike, however, are based upon a misunderstanding. The frequency of colds in winter is chiefly due to the fact that, at this time of the year, we crowd into houses and rooms, shutting the doors and windows in order to keep warm, and thus provide a ready-made hothouse for the cultivation and transmission from one to another of the influenza and other bacilli. As the brilliant young English pulmonary expert, Dr. Leonard Williams, puts it, "a constant succession of colds implies a mode of life in which all aërial microbes are afforded abundant opportunities." At the same time, we take less exercise and sit far less in the open air, thus lowering our general vigor and resisting power and making us more susceptible to attack. Those who live out-of-doors winter and summer, and who ventilate their houses properly, even in cold weather, suffer comparatively little more from colds in the winter-time than they do in summer, although, of course, the most vigorous individual, in the best ventilated surroundings, will occasionally succumb to some particularly virulent infection.

The second fact of experience of frequently catching cold after sitting in a draft or chilly room until you begin to cough or sneeze, is one which a majority of us would be willing to testify to personally, and yet it is based upon little better than an illusion. It is a well-known peculiarity of many fevers and infections to begin with a chill. The patient complains of shiverings up and down his spine, his finger-nails and his lips become blue, in extreme cases his teeth chatter, and his limbs begin to twitch and shake, and he ends up in a typical ague fit. The best known, because most striking, illustration is malaria, or fever and ague, "chills and fever," as it is variously termed. But this form of attack, milder and much slighter in degree, may occur in almost every known infection, such as pneumonia, typhoid, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, measles and influenza. It has nothing whatever to do with either external or internal temperature; for if you slip a fever thermometer under your chilling patient's tongue it will usually register anywhere from 102 to 105 degrees.

This method of attack is especially common, not only in influenza, but also in all the other so-called "common colds." In fact, when we begin to shiver and sneeze and hunt around for an imaginary draft or lowering of the temperature which has caused it we are actually in the first stage of the development of an infection which was contracted hours, or even days, before.

### The Genesis of a Sneeze

WHEN you begin to shiver and sneeze and run at the eyes you are not "catching" cold; you have already caught it long before, and it is beginning to break out on you. Mere exposure to cold will never cause sneezing. It takes a definite irritation of the nasal mucous membrane, by gas or dust from without, or toxins from within, to produce a sneeze.

So far as mere exposure to cold weather and wet and storm being able to produce it, it is the almost unanimous testimony of Arctic explorers that during their sojourn of from two to three years in the frozen North they never had so much as a sneeze or a sore throat, even though frequently sheltered in extemporized huts and running short of adequate food supply before spring. Within a week of their return to civilization they would begin sneezing and coughing, and catch furious colds.

Lumbermen, trappers, hunters and prospectors in Alaska give similar testimony. I have talked with scores of these pioneers, visiting them, in fact, in their camps under conditions of wet and cold and exposure that would have made one afraid of either pneumonia or rheumatism

before morning; and found that, so long as they remained up in the mountains or out in the snow, and no case of influenza, sore throat or cold happened to be brought into the camp, they would be entirely free from coughs and colds. But that, upon returning to civilization and sleeping in the stuffy room of a rude frontier hotel, they would frequently catch cold within three days.

One unusually intelligent foreman of a lumber camp in Oregon told me that this had occurred to him three different times that he could distinctly recollect.

It is difficult to catch a cold or pneumonia unless the bacilli are there to be caught. Boswell has embalmed for us, in the amber of his matchless biography, the fact that it had been noted, even in those days, that the inhabitants of one of the Faröe Islands never had colds in the head except on the rare occasions when a ship would touch there—usually not oftener than once a year. Then, within a week, half the population would be blowing and sneezing. The Great Samuel commented upon the fact at length, and advanced the ingenious explanation that, as the harbor was so difficult of entry, the ships could beat in only when the wind was in a certain quarter, and that quarter was the nor'east. *Hinc illae lacrimae!* (Hence these weeps!) The colds were caused by the northeast wind of unsavory reputation. How often the wind got into the northeast without bringing a ship or colds he apparently did not speculate.

To come nearer yet, did you ever catch cold when camping out? I have waked in the morning with the snow drifting across the back of my neck, been wet to the skin all day, and gone to bed in my wet clothes, and slept myself dry; laid out all day in a November gale in a hollow scooped in the half-frozen ground of the duck-marsh, and felt never a hair the worse. Scores of similar experiences will rise up in the minds of every camper, hunter or fisherman. You *may* catch cold during the first day or two out, before you have got the foul city air, with its dust and bacteria, out of your lungs and throat, but even this rarely happens.

How seldom one catches cold from swimming, no matter how cold the water; or boating, or fishing—even without the standard prophylactic—or picnicking, or anything that is done during a day in the open air!

So much for the negative side of the evidence: that colds are not often caught where infectious materials are absent. Now for the positive side.

### Sending a Cold Through the Mail

FIRST of all, that typical cold of colds, influenza, or the grip, is now unanimously admitted by authorities to be a pure infection, due to a definite germ, the *bacillus influenzae* of Pfeiffer, and one of the most contagious diseases known. Each of the great epidemics of it—1830-33; '36-37; '47-48, and, of most vivid and unblessed memory, '89-90 -can be traced in its stately march completely across the civilized world, beginning, as do nearly all our world epidemics—cholera, plague, influenza, etc.—in China, and spreading, *via* India or Turkestan, to Russia, Berlin, London, New York, Chicago. Moreover, its rate of progress is precisely that of the means of travel: camel-train, post-chaise, railway, as the case may be. The earlier epidemics took two years to spread from Eastern Russia to New York; the later ones, forty to sixty days. Soon it will beat Jules Verne or George Francis Train. So intensely "catching" is it that letters written by sufferers have been known to affect the correspondents who received them in a distant town, and become the starting point of a local epidemic.

Of course, it may be urged that when we have proved the grip to be a definite infection we have taken it out of the class of "colds" altogether, and that its bacterial origin proves nothing in regard to the rest. But a rather interesting state of affairs developed during the search for the true bacillus of influenza. This was that a dozen other bacilli and cocci were discovered, each of which seemed capable of causing all the symptoms of the *grip*, though in milder form. So that the view of the majority of pathologists now is that these "influenzoid," or "griplike" attacks, under which come a majority of all *common colds*, are probably due to a number of different milder microorganisms.

The next fact in favor of the infectious character of a cold is that it begins with a chill, followed with a fever, runs a definite self-limited course, and, barring complications, gets well of itself in a certain time, just like the measles, scarlet fever, pneumonia or any other frank infection.

Colds are also followed by inflammations, or toxic attacks in other organs of the body, lungs, stomach, bowels, heart, kidneys, nerves, etc., just like diphtheria, scarlet fever or typhoid, only, of course, milder and less frequently.

Last, but not least practically convincing, colds may be traced from one victim to another; "run through" households, schools, factories; occur after attending church or theatre; may be checked by isolating the sufferers, and are now most effectually treated by the inhalation of non-poisonous germicidal or antiseptic vapors and sprays.

### A Sure Cure, but Hard on the Pollies

ONE of my first experiences with this last method occurred in a most unexpected field. An old friend, a most interesting and intelligent German, was the proprietor of a wild-animal depot, importing foreign animals and birds and selling them to the zoölogical gardens and circuses. I used often to drop in there to see if he had anything new, and he would come up to see me, to tell me his troubles and keep my dissecting-table supplied with interestingly diseased dead beasts and birds.

One day he came up in a state of great excitement, with a very dead and dilapidated parrot in his hand:

"Choost look, Dogdor; here's one of dose measly new pollies I god in from Zingapore. De rest iss coffin' an' sneezin' to plow dere peaks off, an' all de utter caitches iss kitchen him."

As parrots are worth from $15 to $30 apiece, "green" (not in color, but training), and he had fifty or sixty in the store, the situation was distinctly serious. Now, I was no specialist in the peculiar diseases of parrots, but something had to be done, and, with a boldness born of long practice, I drew my bow at a venture and let fly this suggestion:

"Try formalin; it's pretty fierce on the eyes and nose, but it won't kill 'em, and, if you put a teaspoonful in the bottom of each cage, by the time it evaporates no germ that gets into that cage will live long enough to do any harm."

Five days later back he came, red-eyed but triumphant. "Doctor, dot vormaleen iss de pest shtuff I effer saw. It mos' shteenk me out of de shtore, an' de pollies nearly sneeze dere fedders off, but it shtopt de spret, an' it's *cureen all de seek ones*, an' I bet a cold in de bet, *an' it's curt me.*"

Before using it he had fourteen cases and three deaths; after, only three new cases and no more deaths. I would, however, hardly advise any human "coldic" to try such heroic treatment offhand, for the pungency and painfulness of formalin vapor is something ferocious. Strong ammonia is ylang-ylang by comparison, though the French physicians, with characteristic courage, are making extensive use of it for this purpose, with excellent results *under* careful supervision.

Another curious straw pointing in the direction of the infectious nature of colds is the "annual cold," or "yearly sore-throat," from which many of us suffer. When we have had it we usually feel fairly safe from colds for some months at least, often for a year. The only explanation that seems in the least to explain is that colds, like other infections, confer an immunity against another attack; only, unlike scarlet fever, measles, smallpox, etc., this immunity, instead of for life, is only for six months or a year. This immunity is due to the formation in the blood of protective substances known as *anti-bodies*, which destroy or render harmless the invading germs. Flabby, under-ventilated individuals, who are always "catching cold," have such weak resisting powers that they form hardly enough anti-bodies to terminate the first attack, without having enough left to protect them from another for more than a few weeks or months. Dr. Leonard Williams describes chronic cold-catchers as "people who wear flannel next their skins, . . . who know they are in a draft because it makes them sneeze; who, in short, live thoroughly unwholesome, coddling lives." Strong and vigorous individuals may form enough to last them a year, or even two years.

Now comes the question: "What are we going to do about it?" Obviously, we cannot "go gunning" for these countless billions of germs, of fifteen or twenty different species. Nor can we quarantine every one who has a cold. Fortunately, no such radical methods are necessary. All we have to do is to take Nature's hint of the anti-bodies and improve upon it. Healthy cells can grow fat on a diet of such germs, and, if we keep ourselves vigorous, clean and well-ventilated, we can practically defy the "cold" Devil and all his works.

Here is the *leitmotif* of the whole fascinating drama of infection and immunity. We can study only one phrasing here. We shall, of course, catch cold occasionally, but will throw it off quickly, and probably form anti-bodies enough to last us a year or more. How can this be done? First and foremost, by living and sleeping as much as possible in the open air. This helps in several different ways. First, by increasing the vigor and resisting power of our bodies; second, by helping to burn up, clean and rid our tissues of waste products which are poisons if retained; third, by greatly reducing the risks of infection.

### Get the Fresh-Air Habit

YOU can't catch cold by sitting in a field exposed to the draft from an open gate. Though I understand that casuists of the old school of "the chill-and-damp" theory of colds are still discussing the case of the patient who "caught his death o' cold" by having his gruel served in a damp basin.

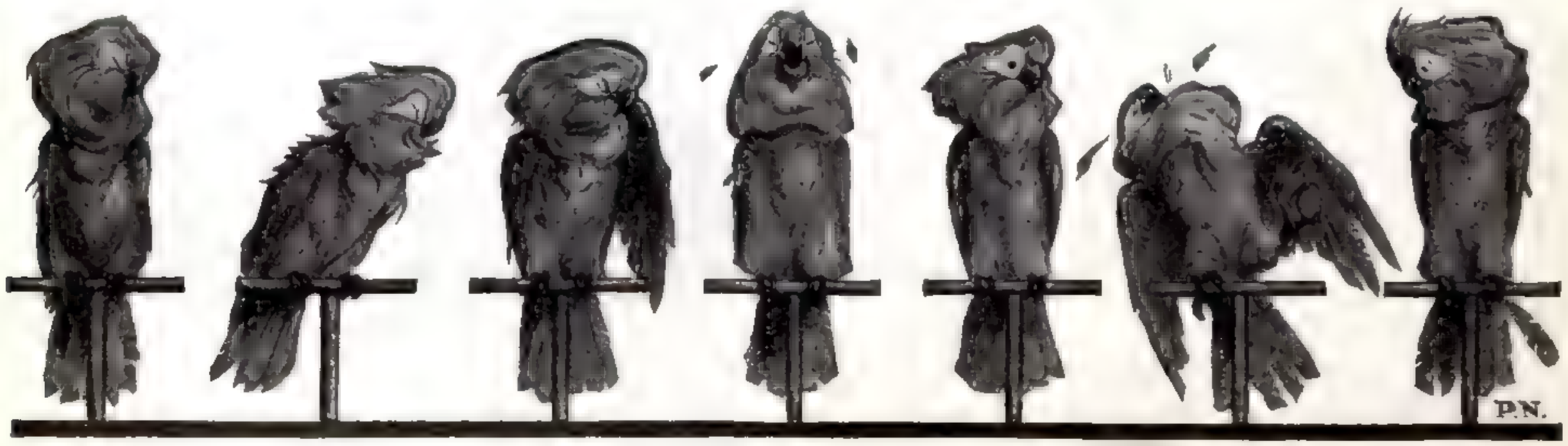
The first thing to do is to get the outdoor habit. This takes time to acquire; but, once formed, you wouldn't exchange it for anything else on earth. The next thing is to learn to sit or sleep in a gentle current of air all the time you are indoors. You ought to feel uncomfortable unless you can feel air blowing across your face night and day. Then you are reasonably sure it is fresh, and it is the only way to be sure of it.

But drafts are so dangerous! As the old rhyme runs:

> But when a draft blows through a hole,
> Make your will and mend your soul.

Pure superstition! It just shows what's in a name. Call it a gentle breeze, or a current of fresh air, and no one is afraid of it. Call it a "draft," and up go hands and eyebrows in horror at once. One of our highest authorities on diseases of the lungs, Dr. Norman Bridge, has well dubbed it "The Draft Fetich." It is a fetich, and as murderous as Moloch. The draft is a friend instead of an enemy. What converted most of us to a belief in the beneficence of drafts was the open-air treatment of consumption! Hardly could there have been a more spectacular proof, a more dramatic defiance of the bogy. To make a poor, wasted, shivering consumptive, in a hectic one hour and a drenching sweat the next, lie out exposed to the November weather all day and sleep in a ten-knot

(Continued on Page 34)



# The Law and Laughing Eyes

## Rosalie Throws Light on the Great Cabinet Mystery

## By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

"And Talking in the Laboratory Some Stuff He'd Taught Me About Chemistry"

III

IT'S dreadful the way the control keeps getting me to-day. Was I out long?" asked Rosalie.

"No, ma'am," said Detective-Sergeant McGee.

Rosalie went on, taking up the thread where she laid it down when the influence came, "Well, as I was saying, if a clairvoyant can help you any way I want to help. My guides tell me you're ambitious for advantages in the police department. Now, if you clear up this deep mystery, it's a great credit to you, and I wouldn't think of appearing in it at all. No, *indeed*. Our guides forbid us to take any advantage for ourselves, or goodness knows mediums would all be rich out of the mines we locate, and the business chances we find for other people. It'd be watering my mediumship and parting with power if I took any credit for what my guides told me——" She was searching the air again—"Wana-Wana—yes, dear one—Laughing Eyes tells me we mustn't waste my power. Her control has been just wonderful to-day—young man, I want to see this house—I feel influences."

It was against orders, positively against orders, which forbade any one but the police access to the evidence in this case, but ambition married belief in the breast of Detective McGee, and, of the two, was born resolve. She had demonstrated her power to him—suppose he did indeed get the credit for clearing the mystery? He saw a lieutenancy only a year away. He meekly followed, therefore, as Rosalie walked spryly from room to room, peering in at the doors, inspecting the closets. There were no shivers or spasms now. Her air was businesslike; her low, wide forehead was knotted in thought. In the kitchen she paused.

The kitchen into which Rosalie led Detective-Sergeant McGee was a little room, furnished forth with a gas-range and a wall-cupboard. It showed everywhere the signs of disorder and poor housekeeping.

"Did anybody straighten things up after the tragedy?" asked Rosalie suddenly.

"No, ma'am," McGee replied. "Everything was left just as it was. It was orders."

"Mrs. Haywood was a careless housekeeper, and the dust ain't helped any since—my!" She had opened the kitchen closet, drawn out three salt-shakers and unscrewed the tops, showing salt in all of them. Rosalie meditated a minute before she opened drawer after drawer and came at length upon a soiled tablecloth.

"I expect," she said, as to herself, "that these folks used to eat in the kitchen, Mrs. Haywood was that good-for-nothing." She spread the tablecloth on the kitchen table. It was indeed soiled.

"Now you see the dirty lines there—and there—and there? Notice how they fit the edges! You can see it was always used on this table. They was saving their dining-room for the company that never come, I guess. See anything else peculiar—look—look!"

McGee pondered the tablecloth.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said he.

"You will, if you use such language," said Rosalie, her intonation balanced between banter and severity. Even Detective McGee could see it. There were three separate and distinct soiled areas on that tablecloth. Rosalie was rummaging through the cupboard again.

"Now, we'll look into the napkins. Rings! And they et in the kitchen! Well, you never know where folks are going to put on frills. Three of them. With dirty napkins in 'em. Let's put them around in their places, and the salt-cellars with 'em. So! Now look into the cupboard. What else do you see?"

"Three butter-plates," said McGee.

"With pats of butter half et on 'em where she put 'em away without cleaning them up when she washed the dishes after supper. She was certainly an untidy housekeeper. Let's see 'em on the table. Now!" She stood off, smoothing her belt, and regarded first the table and then Detective-Sergeant McGee.

"Three people lived here regular," said he, slowly, emphatically, as though a great fact had just dawned.

"If I was willing to disgrace my crown of mediumship like the Haywoods, pretending to powers I ain't got, I'd lay the credit for this to my control," said Rosalie. "But it's just plain woman and common sense. Why don't you detectives let your wives in on your cases? Though my guides tell me," she went on, flashing her hazel eyes coquettishly on the sergeant, "that you're heart-free. I wouldn't wonder if Laughing Eyes would have something nice to tell you about that when we git time for personal sittings. Now, you know there was three people living here. No use to look for any signs further. What's next?"

"Who was it?" said McGee, in a question that was an answer

"Before I wear out my control asking that, let's see if we can find out for ourselves," said Rosalie. "No use taxing the spirit when common-sense does just as well. Let's see those bedrooms."

A dwelling conceived without imagination, this house was cleft down the centre by a long hall, making practically two suites. On one side lay the parlors, scene of the murder; behind them the bedroom known to the police as "Mr. Haywood's," and far in the rear, the bathroom. In the other suite the order from back to front was: kitchen, dining-room, spare bedroom, used by the Haywoods as a junkroom and laboratory, and, in front, the large bedroom where they found Mrs. Haywood's belongings. Madame Le Grange looked into each room successively, poked through Mrs. Haywood's bureau and closet and returned to Haywood's room. This was a small apartment, bare of decoration save for two old chromos—Asleep and Awake—and a steel engraving of The Signing of the Declaration. For the rest it held only a narrow iron bed, a maple dresser, a chair or two. Rosalie opened the closet door. It seemed that Mr. Haywood owned several suits of clothes. She lifted the nearest coat, inspecting it.

"We searched 'em all," said Detective-Sergeant McGee.

"Not the way I'm going to search," replied Rosalie. "Let's see," she looked him over critically, "you ain't far from Mr. Haywood's build, though I must say there's a great difference in the way you carry yourselves, and it's all on your advantage, Mr. McGee. Now, if you don't mind slipping off your coat I want to try this on." McGee made the exchange. Rosalie held the coat for him, settling it to his shoulders with comforting little pats, and stood off to inspect him.

"Pretty near a fit. Little short in the arms, but it would do. Now," she pulled down another coat from its hook, "please to change for this." She pulled on this coat with difficulty; scarcely could she get it on at all. The lapels strained with the breadth of McGee's chest, while the sleeves fell over his hands.

"You look like a country beau," said Rosalie. "I ask you, was those coats bought for the same party?"

"The boarder was a man!" announced Detective McGee

"Seeing's you got that, I don't have to lead you up and show you some other things that will do for evidence. They's four pair of shoes in the closet. Two is worn at the back of the heels and two at the side. There's a traveling shaving outfit with a shaving stick, and one shaving mug and brush and safety razor in the bathroom. There"—she pointed to the top of the dresser—"is a pair of them military hair-brushes, and an extra brush and comb." She threw open a drawer of the dresser. "Look at those white shirts." She lifted one. "Number 16½. Look at 'em all same number. Now," she opened another drawer, displaying a set of colored negligee shirts, "number 15½—all—every one."

"But who was he?" asked Detective-Sergeant McGee again.

"Before we get through we may have to ask the world of spirit to answer that," replied Rosalie. At that moment she began to shudder, her eyes drooped; her lips gave forth an Indian gibberish that turned into English, spoken in a child's voice:

"Mr. P'liceman! My medie don't want me to tell, but I get John—John C!"

"Yes—yes!" said Detective-Sergeant McGee, bending forward. But Rosalie's eyes opened and her face contracted.

"I dropped off again, didn't I?" she said simply. "Well, let's see that junkroom a second." She pushed into the bare, unfurnished room where lay the traps and bags of the Haywoods. One end was fitted as a chemical laboratory—a bench, a zinc reaction-tub set over the stationary washstand, a rough cupboard full of bottles, vials and beakers, a tiny anvil, a Bunsen burner strung by a rubber tube to a gasjet.

"Um! nothing much here, except the box of water-color paint—there are no influences," said Rosalie. "Oh,

"Spirits!"
"Come Off!" Said Captain McGee. "I've Learned About the Blue Book Since"

I forgot ——" She hurried back to the bedroom, the awed McGee following her.

"Move that bureau!" she commanded. McGee wheeled it aside, revealing a bare wall, a deep-colored square pattern where the dresser had kept the paper from fading. Rosalie stooped and ran her deft fingers along the high mopboard. She seemed to be expecting something which did not arrive. She stopped, her finger in her mouth, studying out the situation. Fumbling once more, she paused on a nail. She pressed it again and again without result. Then she drew a hairpin from her thick brown coil, bent it into a crook, and picked at the nailhead. The nail, long, curved, came suddenly out into her hand, and, immediately, a whole section of the mopboard fell out. She reached into the hole, fumbled half a minute; there was a bang as of boards falling on the other side of the partition.

"Git down here," she said. McGee stooped and looked. Right before him was the black curtain of the cabinet; through its parted folds he was looking down the double parlors to the bow windows.

"This was their trap—them faking disgraces to mediumship," said Rosalie. "Do you wonder the spirits influenced me to do justice on 'em? Oh, you'd better not git tangled up with spirit truth! I'm going to tell you some things now without showing 'em. That woman's bedroom up there has got a double bed; and did you see there was a man's bathrobe in the closet? The Haywoods slept in there, the boarder in here, but Haywood kept all his clothes and dressed in this room. This was the spook dressing-room, too—crawled through that trap into the cabinet."

"Why did they have things that way?" asked McGee.

Rosalie did not make direct answer.

"Now, let's see the sitting-rooms," she said. "Maybe I'll have to ask my control to help me here."

She stood in the middle of the parlors. The police had not removed the sofa and the twoscore chairs which, brought up from the basement, had held the sitters that night. But this furniture, disordered enough by the confusion which had followed the tragedy, had further been pushed in every direction by the detectives in their search for evidence. Neither had the room been swept or dusted; a heavy gray coating lay on the old-fashioned pictures, the lambrequins, the glass-covered stuffed birds on the mantelpiece. The thick Brussels carpet was streaked with mud tracks from police feet.

Rosalie stood midst the confusion. "The influence is a-coming over me," she said. "I know it won't be more than half trance—just enough to lead me—walla-wamp-gug! Yes, dear, yes, I'll follow you!" With groping hands she moved to the wall, touched it, followed it forward to the corner, went on past the bow windows—and stopped beside the shaded box-light of the cabinet lamp. Her eyes fixed themselves on a spot in the wall-paper two or three inches above her head. She rose on tiptoe to examine it, nodded, dropped to her knees, and began searching the carpet. In a minute she picked something up, held it out to Detective-Sergeant McGee. It was a long-pointed, glass-headed thumb-tack.

"Some folks use these to fasten down drawings," said Madame Le Grange; "but professional frauds has other uses for 'em. Now, take this—and be very careful, because it's evidence. Notice the hole is pretty near new. Now—fit it in—careful!" McGee tried the tack in the hole, withdrew it and stood looking at it.

"Seems like that tack and that hole went together once, don't it?" Rosalie flashed her hazel eyes on him. "Want to know the rest?"

For a moment McGee could only nod.

"Say!" he exclaimed when he got his voice, "you're more than a peach—you're a corker!"

Rosalie ignored the first member of this twin compliment. To the second she answered:

"It ain't me. It's the spirits. Now, young man, it's your turn. I need two things. I don't have to tell you that you've got more from the spirits and me this afternoon than the whole detective force of Brooklyn. You've got to help yourself. You go to that telephone and send for the mask that was found on Mr. Haywood that night—I saw about it in the papers—and a police stenographer with his typewriter. We'll do the work right here."

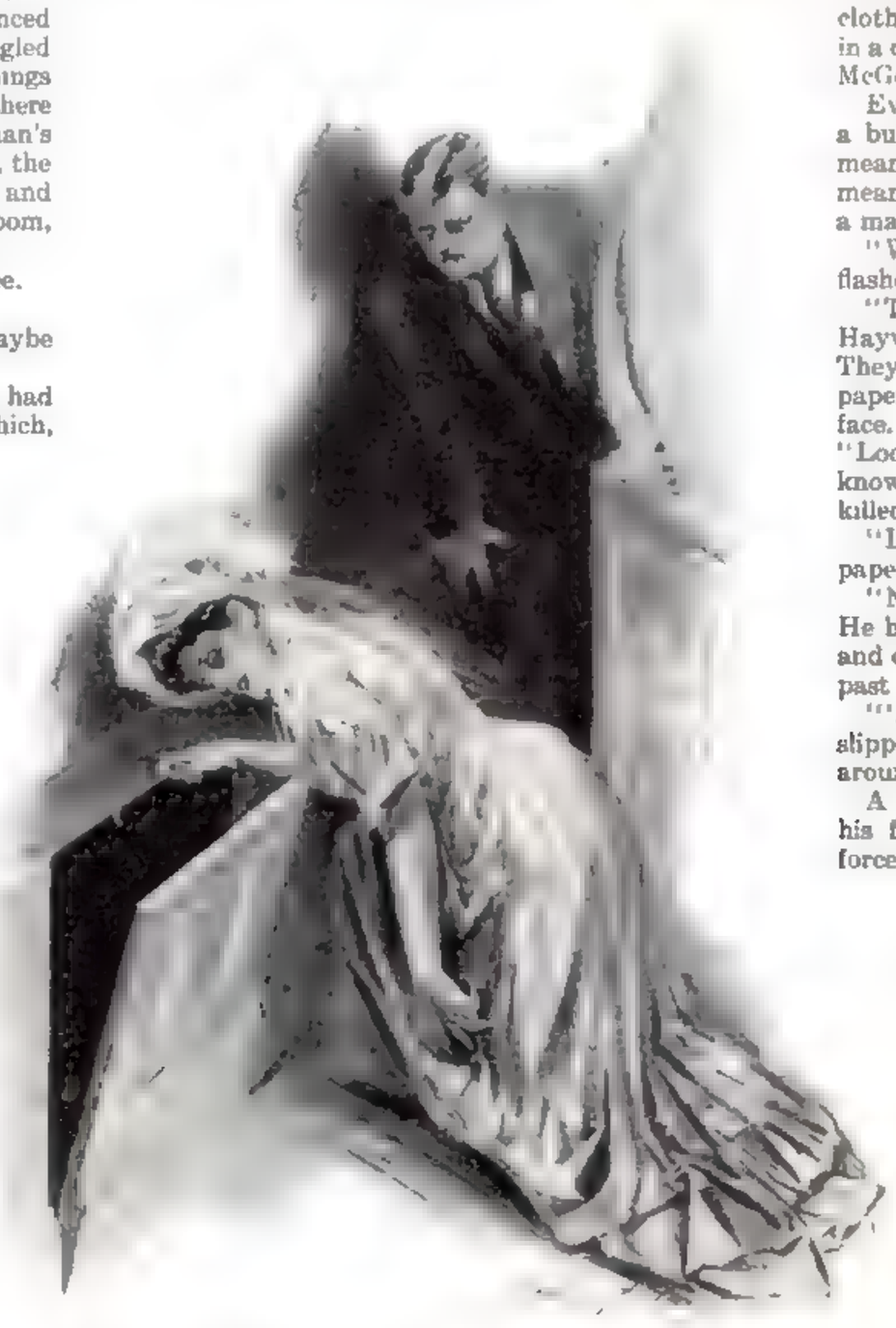
McGee stood twirling his watch-chain. It seemed a good deal for a plain detective-sergeant to ask. Then he bethought himself of his promotion—and then of his pull. Surely, if a pull ever stood to help a man, here was the time! As though under compulsion of those hazel eyes he moved toward the door. But at the threshold he turned.

"What do you want the stenographer for?" he asked.

"To dictate the confession of Mrs. Jane Haywood," she replied. His mouth flew open. "Don't question the power of the spirits. Run along, now."

While McGee, at the telephone, put in motion those wires which ran to his pull, he could hear Rosalie bustling through the house, room after room. But when he returned to announce that it was arranged, she was reclining on the sofa, babbling with the voice of Laughing Eyes. She was under full control. Laughing Eyes entertained him for twenty minutes; it was the personal sitting that Rosalie had promised. She got Mamie and Martha and Nellie and John and grandfather; she revealed to him secrets which no mortal outside his family could possibly know; she looked into the future and saw a captain's stripes in two years. Further glories awaited him beyond that. She revealed a young lady, not very tall and not very short, who loved him in secret; but there was another, with the influence of gold about her, who was not yet known to him, but who cast a bright aura of happiness.

Laughing Eyes, having exhausted her Blue-Book notes, was babbling on the bright scenes of the beyond when the doorbell rang. It was the police stenographer, carrying a typewriter and a bundle. When, after a parley at the door, McGee reëntered the parlors, Rosalie was herself again. She seized the bundle and tore it open. There was the



"This was Their Trap—Them Faking Disgraces to Mediumship"

mask, a clumsy thing. It counterfeited a man's face—short hair and heavy mustache. It was a little more than an ordinary mask, however, for it simulated also a throat, a white collar, and a small area of black coat. Rosalie's eyes swept over these details and fastened themselves on a spot in the painted hair. There was a tiny hole—clear through. She adjusted the thumb-tack. It fitted exactly. She turned to the stenographer.

"If you don't mind taking this from a perfect stranger," she said, "we'll excuse you." And for several minutes she talked earnestly with Detective-Sergeant McGee.

When the stenographer was recalled, Rosalie ordered him to set up his machine, and began to dictate.

"Put this in big print on the top: 'Mrs. Jane Haywood's Confession of the Murder of John Congleton ——'"

"What!" snorted McGee, startled at that second name. Rosalie threw a finger to her lips and cast a frowning jerk of her head toward the stenographer. The puzzled McGee checked himself and held his peace.

Madame Le Grange dictated five pages of close typewriting, read her work, made a revision here or there, sent McGee for a pen and ink, and drew a paper from her breast. It was a money-order receipt, signed "Jane Haywood." Placing this signature over the foot of her writing she made a pencil tracing and set herself to fill it out in ink.

"That's forgery!" exclaimed McGee.

"Yes, so's knocking a crook down in the third degree, because he won't talk, assault or battery or something," responded Rosalie. "Makes a difference, I guess, whether it's them that's up or them that's down. There! Jest please to put that receipt back in Mrs. Haywood's upper bureau drawer, where I found it. That would fool a man as excited as he'll be!"

She rose, found her gloves, and began pulling them on.

"If it don't work," she said, "maybe you've *got* to drag me in. But I rely on my spirit guides that told me to do it this way, and I think this'll fetch him. Good-by. Come and see me some time. I hope Laughing Eyes gave you a good communication." And she was gone, tripping her thirteen-stone weight over the flagstones like a schoolgirl.

*IV*

THE hardest thing McGee had to do, in following Rosalie's directions, was to obtain a third-degree session, alone, with Haywood. That belonged to his superiors. He used his pull; but it was two days before he got the privilege. In those two days the case had gone forward no further; but a change had come over Haywood. From cynical apathy he had fallen into the habit of wild rages, wherein he tore at the bars of his cell, twisted the bedclothes, cursed like a maniac. The second night he passed in a dark cell. Fresh from that ordeal, he came to confront McGee in the detective office.

Every man to his trade. McGee was no beagle; he was a bulldog. Such clews as Rosalie had found for him meant nothing until a keener intelligence pointed out their meaning; but at bullying evidence out of the guilty he was a master. He stood before Haywood, the paper in hand.

"Well," said McGee, "I guess you git out." Light flashed into Haywood's eyes; he half rose.

"The woman has confessed she done it," said McGee. Haywood sat back, and the old sneer raised his mustache. They had tried that trick on him before. McGee drew the paper. "Look at it!" he cried, thrusting it into Haywood's face. "There it is; look at the top!" He showed the title. "Look here!" He displayed the signature. "Don't you know her writing? Don't you see the name of the man she killed? How else do you suppose we got it?"

"Let me read it!" cried Haywood, clutching at the paper.

"No, you don't—I'll read it to you," cried McGee. He began, monotonously, without expression, reading on and on—the circumstances of that singular household, the past of John Congleton, the temptation, the motive ——

"'And I saw I could do it then,'" read McGee, "'so I slipped out of the cabinet—I was in black—and slid around in front and stabbed him ——'"

A cry, a yell, stopped the reading. Haywood was on his feet, fighting the two policemen who struggled to force him into his chair.

"It's a lie!" he cried; "she's lying to save me—I did it myself—let me talk—I did it myself!"

Five minutes later he was dictating his confession. I omit only the formal identification with which it began:

"When we started in this business, Jane and I, she tried to develop a male voice. You have to have a male voice in the cabinet if you want to get on. It was no use. She was never made for it. At materializing as a woman she was good; but she couldn't play a man. We had to have a man spook. We tried two or three. One gave us away in Milwaukee—the only time we were ever exposed. Finally, I got on to this John Congleton. He was an escaped convict. When he broke jail he was doing twenty years for a stabbing scrape. He was glad to play the game as I wanted him to. We worked with a hinged mopboard for a trap. He used to crawl in after the lights went out, do Doctor Coleman's voice, and materialize for the man ghosts. We never showed him; nobody ever knew he was in town. That was part of the game; good business for him as well as me. We traveled separate. When he got into a town he sneaked into the house late at night and never left it until we pulled up for the next stop. He insisted on fixing the house the way we did because he was always afraid of being caught—never got over that. So I kept all my clothes and brushes and things in his closet and dressed in his room. That was so no one going through the house would suspect that three people lived there. He'd have died of loneliness if it hadn't been for his chemistry. He was trying to temper aluminum—he'd been a druggist before he got into trouble. He worked in that laboratory all the time when we weren't showing. The laboratory bothered him a lot. How could we explain it in case of trouble? His get-away was all thought out; when the police came he was to be a sitter that had come in for clairvoyance—everything all right but the laboratory. Finally we got an idea: I was to take the responsibility for it and pretend I was a chemist. That was good business, too; helped advertise me. So often after sittings he used to go down cellar and I'd show people through the house, letting them see that we had just two bedrooms, and talking in the laboratory some stuff he'd taught me about chemistry. It was all right until he got to standing against me with Jane ——"

*(Concluded on Page 27)*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 8, 1908


## Stimulating Wall Street's Digestion

THERE is said to be a strong sentiment at Washington in favor of amending the Aldrich Currency Bill so that the limit of emergency circulation shall be half a billion or a billion dollars, instead of only a quarter of a billion.

On the other hand, some Senators wish to strike out the clause which provides that bonds of cities of less than twenty thousand inhabitants shall not be accepted as security for the emergency notes.

The principal effect of this bill, if passed, will be to provide Wall Street with some powerful machinery for the digestion of otherwise indigestible securities. Every severe money-pinch leaves syndicates and banks in the Street loaded with bonds of the sort designated in the bill. The bonds are, for the time being, unsalable to the public, and to find the capital with which to carry them is a difficult task. Under the Aldrich Bill that capital may be created by depositing the bonds with the Treasury Department and issuing emergency circulating notes against them.

True, such notes are subject to a tax of six per cent. a year; but the interest on the securities themselves will nearly pay this tax. New York City bonds, for example, now pay 4½ per cent.; some first mortgage railroad bonds an even higher rate.

After an issue of emergency circulation the Treasury Department will have on hand a hoard of lawful money to be held by it until the emergency notes slowly drift in for cancellation. Out of this idle hoard, at the next appearance of a monetary stringency, the Department will make deposits in the banks, naturally favoring New York, because there the stringency is most pressing, and because those banks are the only ones that can promptly command large amounts of such bonds as the Treasury accepts as security for Government deposits.

As a device for enlarging and stimulating Wall Street's digestive powers, the Aldrich Bill is admirable. If the country wants a measure of that character the limit upon emergency circulation should certainly be raised to half a billion or a billion, and bonds of small cities—which are held in the country rather than in the metropolis—should be excluded.

## The New York Police Pot and Kettle

PERMANENCE in so changeful a world is always noteworthy.

While many affairs in New York are unsettled, police matters present their normal, familiar, enduring appearance. District-Attorney Jerome's sleuths detected and rudely disturbed many gambling and other illicit enterprises which Police Commissioner Bingham's staff seemed unable to discover.

The regular force then directed their talents to detecting the District-Attorney's detectives, in which—according to their statement—they were far more successful than they had been in ferreting out mere lay crimes. The Police Commissioner submitted to the District-Attorney what he regarded as proof that the latter's officers were grafters. Mr. Jerome now replies that the Police Commissioner, while personally honest, has been sadly "conned" by a clique of subordinates who seek to blacken the District-Attorney's honest sleuths in order to protect the gamblers and other criminals whom said sleuths were bringing to book.

Obviously, whichever side of the story turns out to be true—or even, as is not impossible, if truth sits on both sides—there is no shock of the abnormal and unexpected in store for the citizens of New York; for either side proves that "high" state of police rottenness to which the metropolitan palate is habituated.

We never could understand that it was necessary for New York to have a corrupt police force, although the arguments in favor of that proposition are often ingenious, and are certainly supported by a fairly unbroken record of actual experience.

## Exercising the Gift of Language

(1) Which is the more useful to man, fire or a dog?

(2) Shall the officers of a national bank who contribute money of the institution to a campaign fund be liable to a fine of ten thousand dollars or only one thousand?

THOSE two questions seem, and indeed are, of exactly equal importance. The first was earnestly debated by a certain rhetorical society of African extraction. The second engaged the zealous attention of the House of Representatives at Washington for a day.

But it would be incorrect to conclude that the rhetorical society and the House of Representatives are idle and foolish bodies. If the society had really imagined that contributions to campaign funds by national banks ever influenced elections, or if the House had been inspired by a purpose to stimulate dog culture or raise insurance rates, then a charge of folly might be brought against them; but neither, in fact, labored under any such ridiculous illusion.

The rhetorical society took up the banks because that is always an entertaining subject to those who have but slight personal acquaintance with them; while the Democratic members of the House brought in the dog simply for the opportunity of predicting how one who should be nameless was going to act when they got a cylindrical metallic object firmly attached to his tail. Or, if it was the society that talked of dogs and the House that talked of banks, it is immaterial.

That anything more than an exercise in the use of language was intended in either case was not suspected anywhere, least of all by the banks and the dog.

## Trampling Down the Hughes Boom

A PUISSANT Republican committee in New York the other day encountered that singular political phenomenon which is known, for want of a better term, as the Hughes boom, and firmly trod on it with both feet. The majority by which it refused to countenance the Governor as a Presidential candidate was quite decisive. And the very next day, as it happened, this action of the committee in refusing to treat Hughes as an aspirant to the White House was vigorously seconded by the Governor himself.

That dear old institution, the county fair, is supported in the Empire State by proceeds of race-track gambling. To a delegation from agricultural societies which filled the executive chamber Mr. Hughes announced that he would continue his effort to suppress the gambling, "because it was right" to do so. He was clearly of opinion that, if the county fair cannot get along without gambling, it would better not get along at all. The agricultural societies received the announcement with much discontent, and those societies are very powerful politically in the country district.

The action of the committee therefore seems quite supererogatory. Whatever stepping-upon the Hughes boom may require the Governor himself will attend to. Perhaps it requires a good deal, for it seems to gain in vitality under the treatment.

## Waterways and a Stitch in Time

NO ROOF leaks when it is not raining. At this particular moment people are not much inclined to think of the problems that arise from an expanding condition of business. So what the Interstate Commerce Commission says about the inadequacy of transportation facilities, in its twenty-first annual report, published the other day, is rather likely to be dismissed as a belated official echo of facts that have ceased to be relevant.

That inadequacy, says the Commission, "is little less than alarming; its continuation may place an arbitrary limit upon the future productivity of the land." Yet, at this particular moment, also, conditions seem to be making toward a reappearance of the situation which obtained a year ago when great loss resulted from the insufficiency of the country's means of transportation, and greater loss was threatened. That that situation will actually reappear is highly probable.

Just now, we mean, is not the time to lose interest in the proposal to make an important addition, of the most advantageous sort, to the country's transportation plant by developing inland routes. The convention at Sioux City of the Missouri River Navigation Congress, is, really, a very timely proof of the feeling, in this respect, of the great producing sections. We hope to hear reverberant echoes of it at Washington.

A firm hold upon the purse-strings is said to be Mr. Cannon's idea of reflecting, in a Republican Congress, the present state of the national mind. Yet it is a foregone conclusion that this session will appropriate much money for objects which at best promise only a remote and conjectural advantage. The advantage of properly selected and constructed waterways is not remote or conjectural.

## St. George Joseph Benson Foraker

WILL some one kindly start a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the four Ohio postmasters who fell before the virtuous fury of Joseph Benson Foraker? We yearn to subscribe.

Desiring to be postmasters in the State of Ohio, the four naturally—indeed, as it is Ohio we are speaking of, we might almost say instinctively—attached themselves to that political movement which, from its size, direction and momentum, seemed likeliest to have post-offices to dispose of. They were, we believe, simple, honest souls, with money in the bank and conservative dispositions, never dreaming of getting post-offices in any other than the good old way that their fathers and grandfathers got them.

Imagine the four, therefore, when the Senate, at Mr. Foraker's behest, refused to confirm their nominations, and that statesman declared in clarion tones, over their prostrate bodies, that "there shall be no more prostitution of patronage to carry out political bargains," meaning, especially, in Ohio!

Imagine a good, sober man in the act of stepping into the well-worn family buggy, behind the faithful old gray nag, upon the familiar turnpike that he has traveled over from his youth—when suddenly before him up springs St. George, armed cap-à-pie, and swats him for a dragon!

There shall be no more prostitution of patronage for political bargains, says the Senator from Ohio. We must have a monument to the four, in enduring brass, with those dazzling words inscribed upon it.

## Quite a Difference of Opinion

THE Employers' Liability Act of June, 1906, abrogating, as regards railroad employees, the old fellow-servant rule of the English common law, has been declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

Five cases under this act were tried in United States Circuit Courts. Three trial courts held the act to be constitutional, two held it to be unconstitutional. In the court of last resort five justices concur in the opinion that the act is void, and four dissent from that opinion. But three justices, including Chief Justice Fuller, while concurring in the opinion that the act is unconstitutional, disagree with the reasoning by which the other two who compose the majority reach that conclusion, and Justices Harlan and McKenna, voting that the act is valid, support their decision upon grounds different from those taken by either Justice Moody or Justice Holmes, neither of whom agrees in detail with any other member of the bench.

In short, the Supreme Court, while overturning the act by a vote of five to four, hands down five different interpretations of it.

The result of these confused deliberations seems to be to shed darkness rather than light. Good lawyers opine that the act may be so amended that at least five justices, instead of only four, will hold it to be constitutional.

Meanwhile, railroads may still take shelter under a rule which arose out of industrial conditions of the times of the Tudors and the Stuarts; may still escape liability for injury to an employee if the carelessness of some other employee contributed to the injury; may still practice the almost incredible meanness of shifting their just burdens upon the frail shoulders of poor widows and orphans.

The distinctively American system of law-making by court, under a guise of interpreting the Constitution, is open to a number of objections.

## Interstate Injuries

WHAT appears to be the weightiest constitutional objection to the Employers' Liability Act is that it applied to injuries arising in the handling of commerce that was local in character as well as to interstate commerce.

While every railroad is an interstate carrier, Congress has no control over that part of its business which is local. To meet this objection the act must apply only to injuries arising in the handling of interstate commerce.

So, if a brakeman is killed while coupling cars containing goods that are moving between two points in the same State, the railroad may plead the fellow-servant rule—unless it happens to have been superseded by statute in that State—and escape liability for his death; but, if the cars contain goods that are moving from one State to another, the railroad is liable, and the widow may recover damages.

Such an arrangement, we infer, would be constitutional, and Congress could not even require the railroads to paint a skull and crossbones on the State cars so that a brakeman would know when he was taking not only his own life but the future of his wife and children in hand. Yet it is very certain that the basic idea of the Constitution of the United States was to promote justice—not injustice.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### The Bosom Friend

THIS story might well be called "The Beatitudes of a Bosom Friend," for it shall tell, with such reverence as may be, the lovely tale of the extreme felicities possessed by Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator from Massachusetts, in connection with his willing service in the cause of T. Roosevelt, President of the United States, but erstwhile literary man of Oyster Bay, where, indeed, these beatitudes had their fuller and freer growth. For, mark you, such is the state of the body politic that willing service in the cause of the said T. R., with hope of benefits to come, is not unusual nor rare to see, but when that service goes back to the days when server and served were trying to break into print, as authors and co-authors, and has lasted to this parlous time, it is something worthy of remark.

There is no doubt that Henry Cabot Lodge is the oldest—not in age, but in point of friendship—of T. R.'s living friends, and likewise the closest. Henry Cabot Lodge has said as much himself. He is the only man who calls the President "Theodore" and whose listening ears are ravished with the tender "Cabot" in response. Other friends, not so close, call the President "Teddy." That is the mark of mere acquaintance. Anybody can call the President "Teddy," even a Democrat. It takes years of association, of intercommunion of thought, of interchange of confidence, to bring one to the exalted state where one may address the President as "Theodore." That is the apogee. The Rough Rider, bounding in and tripping over the casual cuspidor, shouts: "Hello, Teddy!" and gets the answering hail: "Why, Bill, how are you?" and the servile statesman, seeking his own aggrandizement, sputters and splutters: "Mr. President." To Lodge alone is reserved the dignified, the rotund, the impressive "Theodore."

Could there be greater blessedness? And when you hark back across the years and discover that, in the days when Lodge was sternly chasing history to her lair and the President was constructing that immortal truth: "Be good and you will be happy," into a voluminous series of essays on American Ideals, they wrote together some Hero Tales, Mr. Roosevelt supplying the heroes and Mr. Lodge the tales, you come to see how matters stand. There may be piffious stories about the Tennis Cabinet, about the surging in of Jimmie Garfield and Gifford Pinchot and Lawrence O'Murray, but piffious they shall always be; for Tennis Cabinets may come and go, as they will, if the games of the cabineteers get too strong for a certain party; but the bosom friend remains the friend of the bosom. He sticks and the President is stuck. There can be no change. What is, is, and Lodge is an isser.

#### Hands Across the Sea

NOR has there ever been doubt of it. When Mr. Roosevelt became President, Henry Cabot Lodge was abroad, cultivating his cultivation in foreign lands. What did he do? Did he stand idle there across the seas. He did not. He breasted his way to a cable office and sent throbbing under the salty sea the message to the American people that he, Henry Cabot Lodge, was by right of age, sex and previous condition of servitude the bosom friend of the new President and, having proclaimed himself as such, he desired all the world to mark and heed. "I am his oldest friend," was the cheering message flashed beneath the ocean's gray and dismal waste, "and I shall return at once to tell him what he must do," or words to that effect, coupled with a good reading notice for Mr. Roosevelt, couched in the finest Massachusetts terms.

Since then, for six years going on seven, the same comprising but one elective term, as Senator Jonathan Bourne still murmurs in his sleep, Henry Cabot Lodge has not faltered. He has been on the job by night and by day, ever ready with counsel and advice if the President needed either or both, and ever ready with them, just the same, whether the President needed them or not. No contingency has escaped him. No crisis has slithered past his watchful eye without being impaled, and dissected, later, by his keen and merciless logic, which comes as natural to him as his whiskers do, they being Number Sixteens and quite in keeping with the latest mode in Nahant.

Did something arise in the Senate to vex the President, while others maundered on the floor in terms of witless defense, it has always been Lodge who has flown to the telephone and told him: told him and received the benediction of his thanks.

For six years, going on seven, he has sat in the Senate chamber, guarding the interests of his friend. For a similar time he has been regarded, and justly, as the spokesman of the Administration. Everything he has said has been fraught with interest, big with importance, for his relations with the President have been known of all men, and Mr. Lodge, himself, has been at no pains to conceal them, which is eminently proper, for even so broad-chested a citizen as the President can have no more than one bosom friend. Only once did he break away. Only once did his part seem irksome. That was not because he loved his bosom friend less, but because he loved literature, his guiding star, more. He would not stand for "thru" and "tho." "If this be treason," he said, "make the most of it. It pains me deeply to do this thing, but, Mr. President, I move that the English language be employed in the Congressional Record when detailing the proceedings of this Senate, and not the so-called simplified spelling, which, I regret to say, somebody snuck across on the President when, inadvertently, I wasn't looking."

This was the only time, and the President forgave him. To revert to the fashion of the spasm that caused the breach, they kist and made up. The President could not do without Lodge, and it was a cinch Lodge could not do without the President. Every man is obliged to have one bosom friend, or be a hermit, and when one is President the need becomes the more imperative, because there are so many applicants for the job.

The Only Man Who Calls the President "Theodore"

#### The Interpreter of Presidential Thoughts

LODGE has defended his prerogative jealously. If he noticed some statesman edging up on him and trying to corral the President's ear to the exclusion of others, Lodge was there with a warning "Theodore!" and the stuff was off. At various times ponderous persons have essayed to tell what the President thought or thinks about a topic of public moment. Lodge has listened, sitting in his seat with that cold smile of superior wisdom, and, when the clumsy attempt at usurpation was ended, has arisen and stated, briefly, the real facts in the case. "Far be it from me, Mr. President, to decry anything the honorable Senator has said, but ——" and then for half an hour he puts the Senate in on what the President does think, modestly deprecating any exclusive knowledge, but letting a few things drop for the information of those most concerned.

With the exception of the simplified-spelling discord, his career, since the President came to the White House, has been one grand, sweet song. Conscious of his proud position, radiating with the happiness of his superiority, admired by all his colleagues, gently tolerant of their errors and always anxious to correct their misapprehensions, he has gone on and on, culminatively, until to-day he has reached the magnificent eminence of being selected to walk with the President every day when it is raining or snowing and the roads are ankle deep in mud. Others can walk in fair weather. The President turns to the bosom friend when the going is so tough that it is hard for a horse to get through, and drags him out to Great Falls and back again, discoursing on the beauties of exercise whenever Lodge is within speaking distance. It is all so beautiful: the bosom friends out walking, or, rather, one of them out walking and the other out running and out, also, of breath. Happy, happy, Lodge, thin, ascetic, literary, trying to follow the President cross lots for fifteen miles through a Washington snowstorm complicated with Maryland mud.

But those are intimate things, real bosomy affairs, and not for the public. Where we, of the outside, behold Lodge, is in his Senatorial relations to the world as defender, spokesman and bosom friend, always with a little more knowledge than anybody else, always with a little more information than anybody else, always with an amused tolerance of the efforts of the other ninety-one in that chamber to give some tangible reason for being there, always with that interesting superiority, always with that fine air of condescension, always so perfectly patronizing, always—as former Senator Pettigrew said on a heated occasion—"always reminding me of the soil of his native State, Massachusetts—highly cultivated, but very thin."

### The Oracle and Mr. McAdoo

"ONCE," said William McAdoo, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy and former Police Commissioner of New York, "when I was younger I went up-State in New York to make a political speech. Mrs. McAdoo was with me. We arrived in Albany on a chill, rainy, miserable October afternoon. It was cheerless at the hotel, cheerless in the city and cheerless everywhere. Mrs. McAdoo had a cold. I had a cold. The outlook for the meeting was not good.

"We went out for a walk, despite the rain. We walked through the Park, Mrs. McAdoo the while reading me a lecture on the futility of politics which I could not answer, for what she said was true. Just as she reached her peroration, in which she was telling me what an ass I was for remaining in politics or having anything to do with that pursuit, we came on a weighing machine.

"It was one of those weighing machines that plays music, weighs you, and drops out a card telling your fortune, all for a nickel. As Mrs. McAdoo was getting to her closing and unanswerable sentences I stepped on the machine, dropped in my nickel, heard the music tinkle, and waited for the machine to deliver the card with my fortune.

"The machine clucked. The card came out, just as Mrs. McAdoo finished, in a grand burst of declamation. I read the card. It said: 'Do not be discouraged. Your second marriage will be happier than your first.'"

### The Retreat in Good Order

COMMODORE P. VEDDER, a long-time politician in New York State, thought he was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor when Levi P. Morton was nominated for Governor by the Republicans. Vedder had sent out a lot of letters urging himself, and had received many replies. When he got to the convention he found his boom was not noticeable to the naked eye.

After Mr. Morton had been nominated Vedder went to the platform to make a speech. "Gentlemen of the convention," he said, "I am gratified to observe that at this convention you have indorsed the work of the recent constitutional convention of which I was a member. I am gratified, also, that you have indorsed the system of indirect taxation which I had the honor to father.

"I have heard some talk here that we need a soldier for second place on this ticket. Far be it from me to deprecate the sufferings and heroism of the boys who wore the blue, for I ran away from home when I was seventeen years of age and served for five long years under the starry flag. Still, as there has been some talk of naming me for this place, and as many of my friends have urged me to run, I now take this opportunity to thank them and to withdraw my name and present the name of an honest man, Arthur C. Wade, of Jamestown."

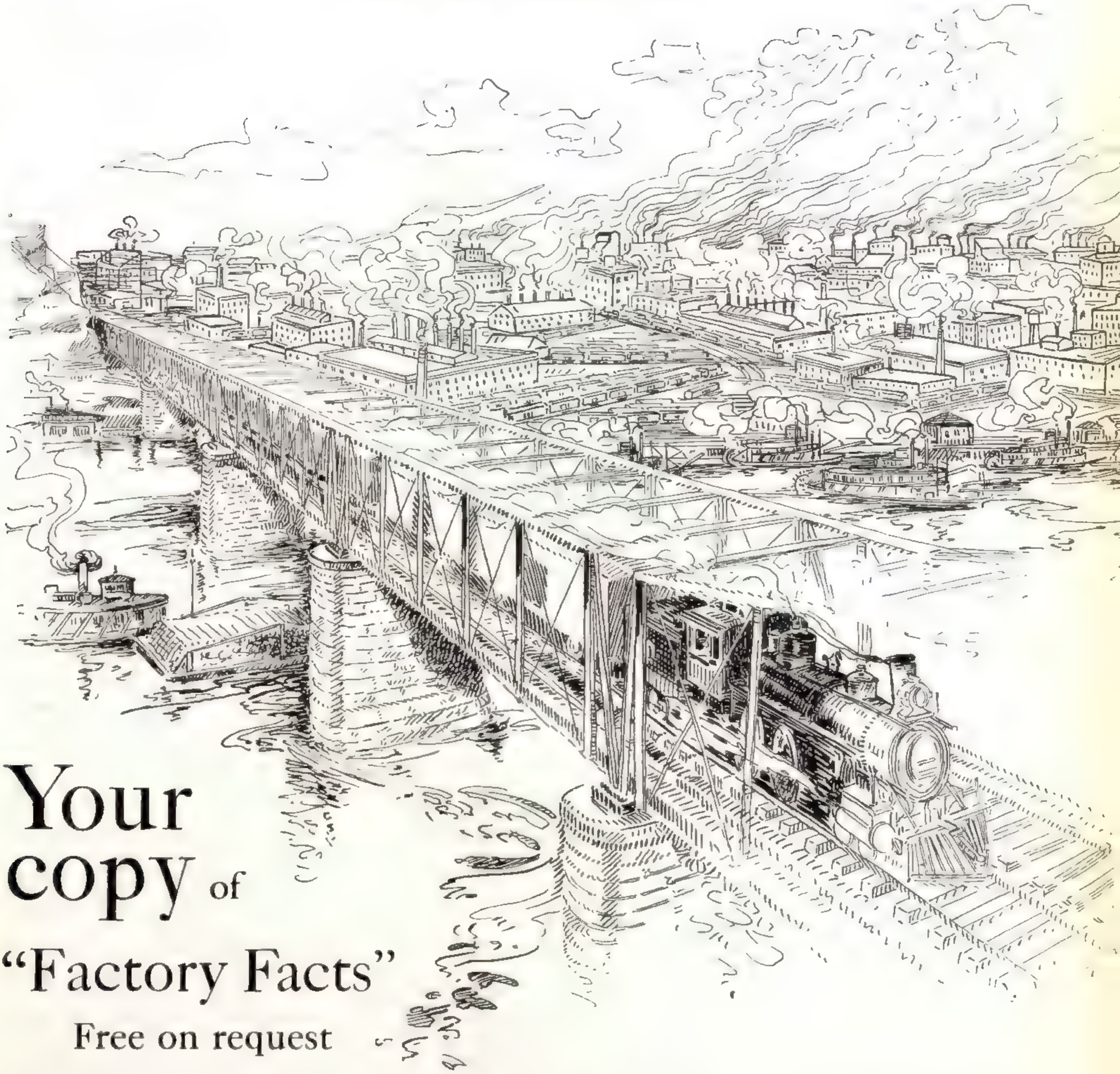
### Office-Seekers Classified

THE late James McMillan, Senator from Michigan, had three classes into which he divided seekers for public office by appointment by the President:

First, the man who got the job.

Second, the man who was prevented from getting the job because his friends were for the other fellow.

Third, the man who received mention in the newspapers as having been an applicant.



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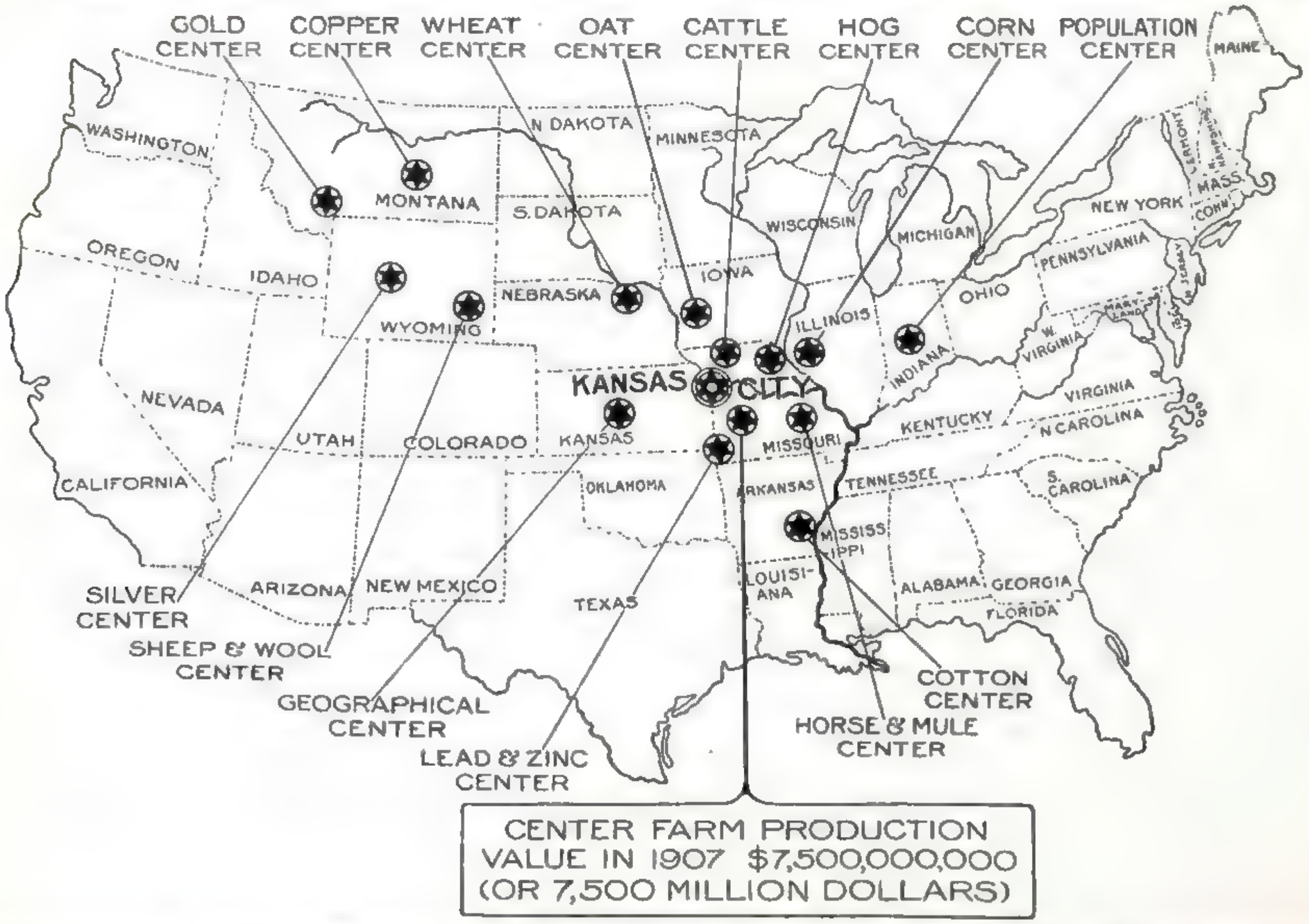


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# THE GREAT DAYS OF THE LONDON TIMES

I WAS closely associated with John Thaddeus Delane, the famous editor of the London Times, as a writer of leading articles under him for some fifteen years, and, perhaps, the first and most important point to be mentioned about him and his methods is that he maintained an absolute mastery of the whole of the paper in all its details.

Delane controlled with the utmost thoroughness every branch of his paper. I do not suppose, indeed, that he troubled himself with the advertisements; nor can I say how far he trusted the law reports to a professional eye, except that a case of public interest would be sure to attract his notice before publication; but with such technical exceptions as these he "read," in the press sense of the world, everything which was to appear in the paper the next morning, and edited it so as to insure that the whole was in harmony, and was fitted to produce one clear impression on the public mind. The telegrams, the correspondent's letter, the observations in Parliament, were all kept in view in the leading article, and were themselves kept in due relation to one another. This, of course, involved the principle that he kept strictly in his own hands—the initiative of all that was to appear in the paper, and especially of the leading articles. No one, while Delane was editor of the Times, could obtain the insertion of articles which he had written of his own motion or at the suggestion of others.

### A One-Man Paper

One of my earliest experiences is an instance in point. Having had no subject sent to me for several days, I ventured, at the instance of a person of high distinction who was a great friend of Delane's, to write an article and offer it to him. But it was at once returned to me with one of Delane's inimitable notes, saying:

> I return you this article, because it is, I assure you, essential that whatever is to appear in the Times should proceed from the initiative of whoever holds my place, and not from that of any other person, however highly esteemed. The effect of any divergence from this principle would be to deprive your contributions of any value, and so prevent their being accepted as embodying the opinions of the Times, which must, believe me, be those of no other than Yours faithfully,
>
> JOHN T. DELANE.

That note exactly expresses the principle on which his whole work as editor was carried through. He insisted on being himself responsible for all the views supplied to the public; he was solely responsible for the interpretation of those views and the comments upon them. He selected the letters addressed to the Times which were to be published; he chose the books which were to be reviewed, and exercised an independent judgment on the reviews which were supplied; he was scrupulous as to the way in which even small matters of social interest were announced and handled. In short, the paper every morning was not a mere collection of pieces of news from all parts of the world, of various opinions, and of more or less valuable essays. It was Mr. Delane's report to the public of the news of the day, interpreted by Mr. Delane's opinions, and directed throughout by Mr. Delane's principles and purposes.

This method of editing was infinitely laborious. Even when the Times was much less than its present size the task of "reading," correcting and controlling from forty to fifty columns of new matter every night was immense. But Mr. Delane never shrank from it, and it certainly gave the paper as a whole a unity, a cohesion, an interest and an effectiveness which can be obtained by no other method.

But, of course, there was one qualification which was indispensable for such editing. It needed an adequate acquaintance with every field of the varied human life which was reflected in the pages of the paper, and this acquaintance Delane enjoyed by virtue of a rare experience. He had brought away from his undergraduate career at Oxford what, after all, was the best endowment of university life in those days—a general literary culture and capacity, combined with a general knowledge of affairs and a wide sympathy with men. The foundation of his character was a robust and genial human nature which loved real action of all kinds and delighted to throw itself into the current of public life.

He is said to have supported himself at Oxford by writing for the provincial press, and his great enjoyment was hunting. He was a bold and fine rider, and his delight in that English sport was typical of his whole character. When he came, as a very young man, to London he took a part for a while in the work of reporting and other secondary branches of newspaper work. He was called to the bar, and he attended the hospitals for some terms. He was always fond of medical and surgical knowledge, and he has more than once mentioned to me his experience in Paris under the great French physician, Magendie. Although, therefore, he was neither a scholar nor a lawyer nor a doctor, he was a good deal of each, and he was able to follow the varying developments of those great spheres of thought and life.

But these varied elements of a many-sided character were brought to practical perfection, for the purposes of his work, by his social capacities and opportunities, which were of the rarest kind. He was the most agreeable of companions, and all the best classes of London society were soon open to him. He took advantage of these opportunities with extraordinary tact. While availing himself freely of the hospitality offered him on all sides, he maintained in all societies his dignity and independence, and Lord Palmerston was not making any formal excuse when, on being rallied in the House of Commons upon exerting an undue influence through the editor of the Times, he simply replied that Mr. Delane's company was so agreeable as to be always welcome. Mr. Delane did not deny that one of his objects in society was to obtain news, or at least the means of understanding news; and it required a rare delicacy to be able to turn to account the information he might gather without taking any undue advantage of the confidence or frankness of his hosts. But he succeeded in doing this with wonderful success, and, consequently, he was day by day gleaning in society, in the intercourse of drawing-rooms or clubs, the information which enabled him to form a just apprehension of every subject which arose in the evening's news.

### The Day's Routine

The course of a day's work in his prime will best illustrate his capacity in this respect. He rarely left the office in Printing-House Square before five o'clock in the morning, and walked to his small house in Sergeant's Inn, a little square off Fleet Street, about a quarter of a mile distant. When he rose he would spend three or four hours in arranging the work of the day, writing and answering letters, and sometimes, especially when in my years of apprenticeship, I would receive a letter from him about six o'clock, giving me my subject and my cue for the work of the evening. But about the middle of the afternoon his horse was brought to him, and, followed by his groom, he rode slowly toward the West End. He said to me once that if he started to walk from Fleet Street along the Strand to Pall Mall or Westminster he would never get there, as so many people would buttonhole him. But on his horse, which he rode slowly, he could greet them and go on. When the Houses of Parliament were in session he would always ride down to them, stroll into the House of Commons or the House of Lords as he pleased, stand under the gallery, and acquaint himself with the parliamentary situation of the day. Peers or members who were concerned in the current business would speak to him, and thus he was always in touch with the prevalent feeling and tendency in both Houses.

Thence he would ride on to the Athenæum or the Reform Club, and there he was sure to meet some one interested in the political or scientific or legal question of the hour; or else he would ride on to Lady Palmerston's house in Piccadilly, or to Baroness Lionel de Rothschild's, or some other great leader of political or social life, and carry away at least as much suggestion or information as he brought. In the evening the days must have been rare when he was not, or could not have been, dining in some society, which brought him once more into contact with the current interests and living thoughts of the hour. He was thus always learning and observing, living in the best life of London from day to day, hearing the questions of the moment discussed from the most various points of view, and gaining an appreciation of the men and the influences which were determining the course of events.

In his best time, moreover, he was treated with great confidence by Ministers of State. A Minister who was engaged in carrying through some important measure would take Delane at least so far into confidence as to enable him to understand the real bearings of what was done and said in public; and even during critical situations in foreign affairs I have seen at night short notes from the Minister of the day which sufficed to indicate the direction in which it was desirable that public opinion should be guided.

### A Mirror to the Life of the Day

This was to a vast extent the secret of Delane's power as an editor. His paper reflected the real state of the English world in London because it reflected him, and because in his mind were reflected the varying thoughts and influences of the several men and women by which and by whom the course of English life was at the moment being determined. The Times held up a mirror to the public because Delane, who moulded it from day to day, was himself the mirror—a mirror, indeed, which so far modified the reality as it brought all which it reflected to a focus and an object, but in which all the elements of the life of the day found their place.

Delane generally came away from dinner in time to reach Printing-House Square about ten P. M., or at least before eleven, and then he had to bring to bear upon the materials brought before him, whether of the telegraph, or of parliamentary reporters, or correspondents' letters, the knowledge of the real position of affairs which he had been gaining during the day. There were generally two or three leader-writers in attendance, in separate rooms, and in a short time after his arrival he would send to each of them, unless they had been previously instructed, the subject he wished them to treat. If its treatment were obvious he would leave them to themselves with no more than a verbal message. But if it were a matter of difficulty or doubt he would soon come into the writer's room, and in a few minutes' conversation indicate the line which it was desirable to take and the considerations which the writer should have in the background. He never gave these suggestions in such detail as to hamper original treatment on the writer's part. A few interesting and humorous observations would suffice to illustrate the true state of the question and to indicate the purpose to be kept in view, and then the more original the writer's treatment of the subject the better he was pleased. His influence in such conversations was due, not so much to his authority as editor, as to the impression he produced of mastery of the whole situation.

To talk to him was like talking to the great political or social world itself, and one's mind seemed to move in a larger sphere after a short discussion with him. He always listened patiently to inquiries or hesitations, and was tolerant of everything but trivialities.

Those midnight conversations are among the most interesting and instructive reminiscences of my life, and they were among the chief pleasures of my work in Printing-House Square. In connection with them there is one characteristic of him to be particularly mentioned: it is that he elevated every subject that he touched.


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I never remember, even in the heat of the most rapid exchange of thoughts and suggestions, one undignified or common thought or expression escaping him. He spoke of all subjects of consequence as involving deep human interests, and he treated them, and helped us to treat them, under that aspect. In a word, he maintained as an editor, or under whatever strain and whatever provocation, the part of a great gentleman, and it was a gentlemanly as well as a literary education to work under him.

One of the first things he had to do when he came to the office at night was to determine what subjects should be treated in the leaders for the next day. He always, of course, had some ready written which he used in emergency. His witty colleague, Sir George Darent,, used to call these leaders the "marmalade articles," because they were "an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast." They were, however, a very valuable element in the paper, as they were generally reviews of some important information which had lately been made public.

Delane kept a close eye upon parliamentary blue-books, in which the most interesting facts are frequently buried; and often, when there was no more urgent subject, I have thrown the substance of one of such blue-books into a leading article. But Delane's main object with the leading articles was to treat with the utmost promptness every question as it arose. He hated all delay or dallying with the subjects of the day. In connection with this habit, his publication of correspondence was characteristic. Nowadays, when some interesting topic has been started by a correspondent, two or three days may elapse before a reply is printed, and so instead of a quick return of question and answer, observation and counter-observation, a series of letters drop casually into the columns of the paper and people have forgotten one letter before another appears. But Delane, as he once said to me, liked to serve his dishes up to the public "hot and hot." A subject once started was followed up smartly until it was exhausted. In the same way, in the leaders, the news of the evening or the debate of the evening was treated the next morning, and the reader found in the same number of the paper the subject-matter and the comment on it.

It was then particularly gratifying when the race was over to be cheered by a generous note of thanks from him, written after the paper had gone to press, perhaps when he had gone home about five in the morning, and before he went to bed. Here is one example out of many:

SERGEANT'S INN, Friday 23, —

*My Dear Wace:* Though I have come home I cannot go to bed without congratulating you upon your admirable army article of this morning.

It does you great honor and reflects as much credit upon the paper.

Ever yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

His gift for writing little letters of this kind was one of his great accomplishments. Among the many hundreds of letters I received from him there was not one which was not gracefully as well as tersely expressed, and which might not have been published as it was written. However hurriedly he had to write, he never wrote "in haste," and never used the loose shorthand of common colloquial expressions. Here is a characteristic specimen, from the last years of his career, of the sort of letter in which he would propose the evening's subject:

*My Dear Wace:* I think you will find a fair subject in the letter from the Cape; but if you agree with me, and will do it with interest, I should like an article recommending the adoption of the earliest opportunity for a mediation in Turkey. The towns, indeed, must be altogether reconsidered, and the "bag and baggage" policy was advocated. The Turks have shown that they are second to no European power in the field, and have justified the boasting which seemed so out of place during the Conference. England is alone capable of urging an armistice, if indeed there is now time for it.

Ever yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Just a word or two in this way would give the cue, and the rest was left to the writer. But to return to his work at night: there was another element in it which completed his power. This was the extraordinary thoroughness of his editorial revision. He watched with the utmost care not merely the substance and the general argument of an article, but every detail of expression. He could correct commas at 3:30 A. M., and would write one of his brilliant little notes at that hour to warn a writer against an incorrect expression. I remember his once writing to me at that hour to protest against my using the word "action" to describe an act. "Action," he said, "is properly used only of a military action or an action at law." I think he was wrong, on the authority of the Scriptural expression: "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed"; but the vigilance which could insist on such a point in the heat and haste of editing illustrates the indefatigable conscientiousness of his work.

He extended the same vigilance to the ordinary work of reporters and to the simplest paragraphs. I remember his being particularly indignant with the use of the slipshod phrase that a marriage, or a funeral, or a race had "taken place." It was mere slovenliness of expression, he said, instead of saying that a marriage had been solemnized or a race run. He exerted a valuable influence in this way toward maintaining in the public mind a standard of correct English writing.

He was very considerate if one of his subordinates was in real difficulty, as from illness or domestic trouble, but in the ordinary course of work he would take no excuses. A man must do the work given him, and do it well, or else Delane had no place for him.

I am not competent to describe another and most important sphere of his work — his instructions to the regular and special correspondents of the paper, and his own correspondence with public men. Something of it is known, though imperfectly, from the story of his vigorous action at the time of the Crimean War, but there is good reason to believe that he played a much larger and more important part in public affairs than is generally known. In fact, he wielded a power, in his prime, of which public men were obliged to take account.

He may well, in such a position, have made occasional mistakes; but it is a marvel they were so few; and perhaps it is still more to his honor that, amidst all the flattering influences, personal and public, by which he was surrounded, he remained to the last a simple, strong, independent character, a robust and generous Englishman to the backbone, intolerant of all unrealities, a great man of action, whose delight was in using his rare powers for public ends and for the good of his country, and at the same time a staunch and affectionate friend, full of sympathy, courtesy and dignity. It was because he was a great and good man that he was a great editor, and it is to his manly qualities I would render chief homage in this inadequate tribute.

# YOUR HOME

## Wall-Paper—Its Ways and Its Whims

WALKING up Fifth Avenue recently we saw the veritable ghost of a house. The house had been torn down, and there, upon the side wall of the building which it had adjoined, was the outline of vanished rooms and stairs and chimneys, thus thrown open to the gaze of the world. In front of that fireplace, how many gatherings there had been and how many things had been said—up those stairs, outlined in such ghostly relief, how many gay or sorrowful steps had been trodden—in those rooms, how many events had taken place, for good or evil, in the fortunes of the family!

It was a revelation of household intimacies, and the most interesting feature lay in its not being addressed entirely to the imagination but largely to plain sight. For example, on the side of each room there was still a considerable section of wall-paper, and this wall-paper was a disclosure of fundamental traits of character of the rich man who had dwelt there.

The wall of the drawing-room was covered with wall-paper of brilliant pink, emblazoned with huge designs in silvered white, one of the "fashionable" designs of a year or so before; thus pointing out that the owner had cared mainly for the most recent design on his most prominent room instead of aiming at what was best or most fitting. The dining-room was papered in heavy gilt, of the kind that has so completely gone out; and this absence of up-to-dateness showed that the owner had ceased to entertain much, for otherwise, being the kind of man he was, he would not have neglected fashion; the second floor showed paper of pretentious tawdriness; the third, apparently the children's rooms, was frankly shabby; the fourth, showing the servants' quarters, was dingy and mean; and one was glad to think that they must have had poor servants in that house, as an important means of developing and attaching devoted ones had been so cynically neglected.

Not always is it the case that the papering of a house is so clearly indicative of the house-owner's character, although it is always more or less of an index to it; it is always an indicator of taste or the lack of it. If one cares for the good opinion of those whose judgment he respects, or if, more than this, he cares for the proper development of his own individual self and desires to live in a fine environment, he must needs be careful in the choice of his wall-paper.

Nor is it only the wealthy who can have fine kinds. The full pocketbook has advantages, of course, but the purchaser with a slender pocketbook can, with taste and judgment, secure fine and attractive designs. There have been such advances in the making of wall-paper that effects which, a few years ago, could be secured only by the few, are now within the reach of the many. We remember a really glorious yellow design, which gave mellow charm to a room of noble proportions, but cost only thirty cents a roll. We remember a beautiful green, in a pattern of trees and a winding path, a highly expensive-looking paper, which cost but seventeen cents a roll.

Of course, all admirable papers cannot be bought so cheaply as that, but one may go much above such figures and still remain within the limits of moderate expenditure. In fact, there are all grades of quality and appearance, and all grades of price.

Wall-paper has certainly come into its own again. First made about two hundred and fifty years ago, made by the Dutch and the Spanish and supposedly copied by them from the Chinese and Japanese (those strange races with whom pretty nearly everything seems to have originated), it was little known up to a century or so ago. Until then, tapestry and wainscoting and frescoing were considered the best for decorative purposes, and linen hangings and "hard wall" and whitewash filled simpler wants. Wall-paper, however, once fairly started, came at once into great prominence, only to fall, after a while, into discredit.

For there were penalties for popularity; these penalties being the development of poor designs and glaring colors, and a growing carelessness in the choice of papers without regard to the rooms or to the furniture. So marked did these evils become that there gradually grew up a feeling of revolt against all wall-paper among persons of taste. All that, however, is gradually changing. Better and finer designs are made than ever before, and there has been a marked growth of correct ideas in regard to the kinds to select.

It is pleasant to realize, too, that American papers are the best in design that are


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Has grown to be the largest of its kind in the world, and it has achieved that result by always maintaining the highest standard in the quality of its cocoa and chocolate preparations and selling them at the lowest price for which unadulterated articles of high grade can be put upon the market. Under cover of a similarity in name, trade-mark, label or wrapper, a number of unscrupulous concerns have, within recent years, made attempts to get possession of the great market won by this House, by trading on its good name—selling to unsuspecting consumers goods of distinctly inferior quality by representing them to be the products of the genuine "Baker's." The quantity of goods sold in this way is not so much of an injury to us as the discredit cast upon our manufactures by leading some consumers to believe that these fraudulent articles are of our manufacture and that we have lowered the high standard maintained for so many years. It is difficult to bring the fraud home to all consumers, as those who are making use of it seek out-of-the-way places where deception will the more easily pass.

Statements in the press and in the reports of the Pure Food Commissioners show that there are on the market at this time many cocoas and chocolates which have been treated with adulterants, more or less injurious to health, for the purpose of cheapening the cost and giving a fictitious appearance of richness and strength. The safest course for consumers, therefore, is to buy goods bearing the name and trade-mark of a well-known and reputable manufacturer, and to make sure by a careful examination that they are getting what they order.

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made (at least of those that cost less than two dollars a roll), in spite of a widely prevalent idea that the French and the English surpass them. It may be admitted, however, that in the matter of color effects there are some European makes that surpass the American.

That the actual workmanship of the French makers (as distinguished from design) is better than that of our own country has caused American designs to be executed in France, and these, referred to as being French, have done much to give a mistaken opinion in regard to the merit of French designing to-day.

As to England well, its papers do not even now reach a very high average standard, and in the past it was the atrocity of English designs that helped to develop the unpopularity of wall-papers. Even now, England is slow to accept new features of merit. Ingrain paper, for example, which has done so much to rehabilitate wall-paper in public estimation, was commonly used in America for fifteen years or so before England ceased to look askance at it.

So much credit, in the domain of architecture and decoration, must be given to Europe, that it is well to realize that the supremacy is mainly of the past. The present-day French dwelling-house does not equal the American, either outwardly or in its interior.

### Putting Sunshine into a Room

Should one decide to order a French or an English paper, it must be borne in mind that the rolls are different in size from the American. The usual French roll is nine yards long and eighteen inches wide after trimming; the English, twelve yards long and twenty-one inches wide after trimming; the American, eight yards long and eighteen inches wide after trimming. Ingrains come much wider.

Wall-paper is not one of the things that may be loved for itself alone! That is to say, even the most beautiful of papers may be unsuitable for certain rooms. Each room must be considered by itself, in relation to its size and shape, its prospective furnishing, the intended color scheme, the direction toward which the windows look out, and its dark or sunny character.

The matter of wall-paper color, as regards its effects in lighting the room, is of surprising importance. Those who figure out such matters declare that, supposing one hundred candles to give a certain amount of light in a room whose walls are covered with cloth of dead black, it needs only from seventy to ninety candles to give the same light in a room whose walls are papered in dark brown or blue; that walls painted a fresh yellow need but sixty candles; and that if the same room is papered in pure white only fifteen candles are required to give the same light as was given by one hundred in black-cloth environment. Within these extremes lie many degrees, and it is therefore a subject which the house-owner should heedfully ponder.

And as to outlook. A room which faces toward the north is liable to be chill and sombre, and demands a genial warmth of coloring. For such a room a paper with predominating yellow or pink or red or the tones of brown would be admirable. The principle is, that if there is lack of sunshine in a room it can be put in by the wall-paper. A room facing toward the south would look highly satisfactory in green or white or violet or china-blue. There are all-green papers and white-and-green and violet-and-green; there are papers nearly white but touched with a golden hue or green or blue; violets and blues come in varied and delightful combinations. And the intent of all such papers, in a south room, is to soften the glare of the sun and give an impression of coolness. The very colors which are so admirable here would give an added chill to a room with a northern exposure.

It should be remembered that a paper of delicate tint will fade in a room of warm sunlight. In such a case, to get the desired effect the entire background of the paper should not be of that color, for it would soon fade deplorably. On the contrary, the background should be white, and the blue or violet or green should be, say, in a stripe or flower or garland, for these will be of strong color, and can therefore better bear some degree of fading than could a background of the same colors.

Green is one of the most beautiful colors to live with, but one which is perishable in sunlight. It should, therefore, not be used in a room of ardent sunniness, unless you are willing to renew it frequently. And as to perfectly plain green paper, this needs a white lining paper beneath it, even when the sunlight is not strong, as it is likely to bleach in spots from what is known as lime-action. The great dining-room of a New York hotel, a few weeks ago, was expensively papered with a beautiful shade of plain green, but without this precaution of a lining paper. Within less than a week the entire work had to be done over on account of lime-action.

A house which is sparsely furnished and which has few pictures on the walls requires papers of more marked pattern than does the house which is furnished to repletion and has a generous supply of pictures. The bare house looks doubly bare with patternless wall-papers, although these same papers would add distinction and beauty to houses furnished differently. Even a plain stripe becomes monotonous when seen in wide, unbroken surfaces. In cluttered or overcrowded rooms plain wall-surfaces are the only aid to salvation, and are of as great importance as anything can be in an overcrowded room.

To make a too-high room seem lower, or a too-low room seem higher, wall-paper may be of decided use.

Is the room too low? Be sure, first, that it really is, for the purpose for which it is to be used; for with many a room its very lowness is its chief charm, making as it does for cozy comfort. We had such a room, a low sitting-room, which it was our care to keep low in appearance by papering it with a pattern of forest-tree greenery to aid its aspect of homelikeness.

But if a room is really too low, paper it in long stripes running from baseboard to ceiling without break or border. And so far as that is concerned, borders are justly decreasing in favor for rooms of any sort, as almost always a room is better without one.

Many a room is low because of a slanting ceiling, and the expedient is sometimes tried of continuing the stripes part-way up the slant. This attempt is always regrettable, as it inevitably produces the effect as of a falling ceiling.

But although the design upon the walls should never be continued upon any ceiling, either level or slanting, it is not conversely true that the ceiling design should never be continued upon the walls. For it is often the case that, to lessen the apparent height of a room, the ceiling treatment, whether of paper or kalsomine, may be advantageously continued down the four walls for the distance of perhaps eighteen inches. A greater distance than two feet is usually a mistake. Many rooms of to-day are built, although seldom with satisfactory result, with the ceiling curving to meet the wall—"coved" being the descriptive word; and in all such rooms the ceiling treatment is necessarily continued to at least the lower line of the "covey," regardless of the height of the room.

Better than an extension of ceiling treatment, to give apparent reduction of height, is the use of wall-paper whose design is of low, broad, "squatty" contour. Sometimes, too, a dado may be used effectively toward this end—although the dado is becoming as extinct as the dodo.

### Complementary Designs

The great aim, in the wall-paper designing of to-day, is to get away from monotonous and machine-like effects—the effect of line upon line, around and around and around.

A method whose results are often very beautiful is the using of wall-paper of two complementary designs, which have been definitely made to fit each other; as, say, a paper of white background, diamonded with a faintly-colored trellis, without any flowers, to cover the greater part of the wall and a complementary paper, also of the same trellis design but with luxuriant vines of greenery and roses, to be used at architectural vantage-points in the room, such as beside the doors and between the windows and on each side of the chimney-breast.

To add to the beautiful effect the lines of roses are trained together at the top in arching clusters formed by sheets, called "heads," instead of by paper in a roll.

By such a method not only is the monotony of effect of repeated width entirely done away with, but the room is thus given an effect of almost water-color decoration. This requires expert craftsmanship in hanging, and the paper itself is necessarily not cheap.

The idea of these complementary papers is American, and the papers are also manufactured in this country.

By new possibilities in friezes, monotony and machine-likeness of repetition are also obviated. And by a frieze, as distinguished from an old-fashioned border, is meant a scheme of real decoration about the top of a room, of considerable depth.

Exclusive designs, when new, are likely to be very costly. But next year the exclusive maker has a newer new design as a specialty, and you can buy the other one much more cheaply than at first. One who keeps up with the yearly styles will necessarily spend a great deal of money, but neither novelty nor rarity is essential to beauty.

Wall-paper printed from blocks on a hand press is popular with the wealthy, and is fine in execution and color.

### Samples are Deceitful Things

But here is a point of great interest. Within a year or so after being put upon the market the same design is produced by machinery, and the hand-workers are set at something new. The machinery-made paper is often taken for the block-printed—unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer it as such—but the buyer need never be deceived, for apart from the difference in execution there is a definite distinguishing feature. The hand-made pattern always begins a few inches from the end of the paper, whereas the roll of machine-made, printed from a cylinder, continues the pattern without a break.

A simple improvement, which has done much to beautify the appearance of wall-papers, is the butting of margins instead of lapping them. Butting paper costs a little more than lapping and the trimming cannot be so simply done.

And as to lapping paper, here is an interesting "trade secret." Always have the laps made with the edges away from the light, for thus they do not catch the light and are not so noticeable.

This is remindful of the fact that you should choose any wall covering in the light which is to be the principal light of the room. Is the appearance of the paper to be most important in daylight, gaslight, lamplight or electric light? This is important to have in mind, for under different lights the same paper will have different appearances.

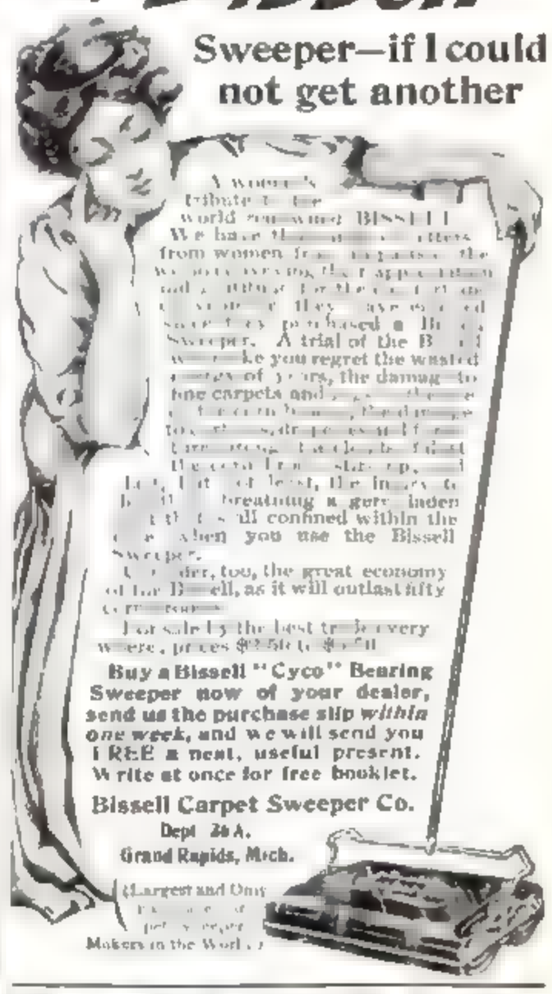
And do not, if you can possibly help it, order from a book of samples; for, alas! you will find to your sorrow that things are not what they seem! A design which looks admirable in a small piece may be something unexpectedly different in large surfaces. A fine frieze was once bought from a sample; it was expensive, and showed a graceful convoluting line in an art nouveau sort of pattern. But when hung it gave the room the appearance of being bounded with a line of huge champagne glasses! And who does not remember the monsters and dwarfs, formed unexpectedly from apparently innocuous lines, that have execrably disported themselves from sick-room walls! It is such things that tempt you to renounce the wall-paperman and all his works.

An excellent plan, in any case, is, after deciding upon your paper, to buy just one roll of it and tack two or three widths on your wall. You thus see it in its proper environment, and you also see it by daylight and artificial light. This involves but little trouble and makes greatly for satisfaction.

One must particularly avoid the *multum in parvo*—the big pattern in a small room—for it makes the room look so much smaller as to be positively mean. And, even in large rooms, the big, pronounced, conventional patterns are likely to be hard to live with and are pretty sure to be bad backgrounds for the pictures.

The possibilities of choice in wall-papers are already illimitable, and the improvement in manufacture and the steady and undoubted growth of taste in the public are admirable features. It is well that this is so, for, after all, on account of the possibility of its use by every class of people, wall-paper is by far the most important of mural decorations. Which is remindful of the query, not long ago put by an intelligent visitor to Paris: "Who is this man Mural? I hear about his decorations everywhere!"


I would not take $50.00 for my Bissell Sweeper—if I could not get another



Buy a Bissell "Cyco" Bearing Sweeper now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip *within one week*, and we will send you FREE a neat, useful present. Write at once for free booklet.

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$2.00 the half dozen.

All shapes in ... black and white. Six ... each, three ... for $1.00.

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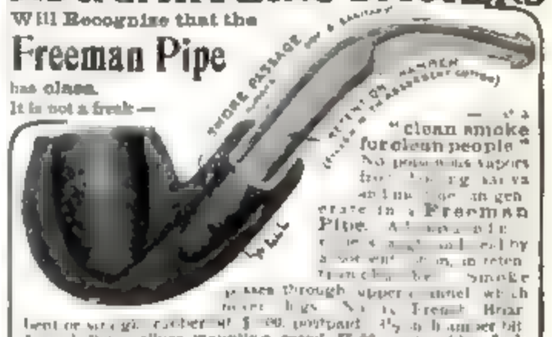

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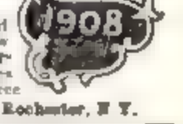


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The first Derby made in America was a
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Hats for Men

KNAPP-FELT individuality is put there by the hand of an artistic workman—no machine work can reproduce the noticeable elegance of style which distinguishes Knapp-Felt hats. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars—Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere.

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840 Broadway, New York

$250 in Cash Prizes

To test the value of our advertising in the past, and to find out how many people have really learned from it what Alabastine is and why it should be used for wall decoration, we offer the following prizes for the best answers of 50 words or less to this question—

**Why is Alabastine better than kalsomine or wall-paper?**

Alabastine
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is put up in sixteen different tints and white in dry powdered form to be mixed with cold water and applied to any surface with a flat brush and is used for wall decorations in homes, schools, churches and public buildings.

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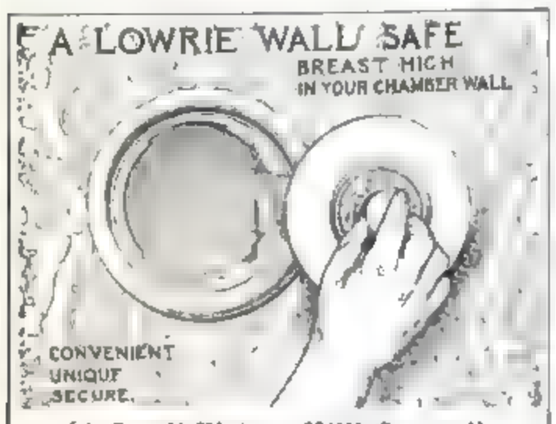


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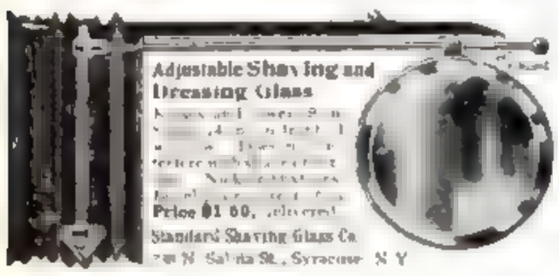

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Price $1.00, delivered

Standard Shaving Glass Co.
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# IN THE OPEN

## The Football Play of Last Season and the New Rules

THE record of 1907 is a bright chapter in the history of American football; the brightest chapter, I might add, and not be going too far. And if ever a doubt existed as to the popularity of the game, the last season must have set it, peacefully I do hope, at rest for a long time to come.

The layman has been able to follow the game because of its openness, the football man has enjoyed its opportunities for head work, the critics have noted the successful results of the new rules, and all have uttered a silent prayer of thanksgiving for the lowering of the accident lists. The lessening in number of serious accidents, and especially in the character that leaves a mark, is the happiest phase of the new order of football things—and the most significant.

The Chicago Tribune, for several years, has been keeping a very carefully compiled accident list, and the comparative figures, as between the old game in 1905 and the new one in 1907, are eloquent. Two years ago the season recorded one hundred and thirty-seven injuries, as against ninety-eight for last year; but the decrease in mere number, comforting as it is, does not tell the whole story. We must study the kind of injuries fully to appreciate how very great has been the improvement in this respect, and, doing so, we see that the accidents which involved brain (concussion) and spine have been minimized in a startling degree. For example, in 1905 eleven players died of injuries that resulted in brain concussion and blood poisoning and spinal complications; last year three only sustained fatal injuries of that character. In broken bones, also, the new game's record is equally hopeful.

The improvement in this kind of accident even over the season of 1906 is notable. In 1906, the first of the more open play, seventeen players broke their legs, as against twelve in 1907; twelve had broken collar-bones, against five last year; six had broken hands, against three last season; three had broken noses, against one in 1907. The improved list is long enough, but what a gratifying record it presents of the working of the new rules.

### The Value of the Open Game

Some of you may not quite understand why these new rules have made so great a difference in the matter of injuries to players, or why the new game has so much more of the spectacular, and is, therefore, of that much more interest to the average onlooker. There are just three things that are wholly responsible for opening the game, for lessening its brutal features, and for correspondingly shortening the accident list; and they are (1) separating the rush lines; (2) increasing the number of yards to be gained from five to ten; (3) licensing the forward pass. And of these the first had, at least in my mind, the most destroying effect upon the brute.

In the old game the rush lines of the opposing teams faced one another in close contact; there were rules that the side having possession of the ball might not lay hands upon the opponents, and penalties with which to punish those who violated the law. But the personal contact, the gladiatorial character of the game, generated a brutish impulse, which no array of penalties could check. According to the temper of the individuals, the rushers "scrapped" continuously whenever the teams lined up to put the ball in play. As a matter of fact, in the kind of game taught under the old rules the lineman was instructed by unscrupulous coaches, of whom there were too many, to weaken his opponent; and always he was made to feel that to badger the man opposite him was the legitimate ambition of a hard-playing forward. Add to this personal physical struggle all along the line that sublimated gladiatorial effort known to football as the "revolving wedge," or the "turtle-back" formation, or the "guards back" with a flying wedge on the side, or any one of a dozen bone-crushing engines that were the vogue during the latter years of the old rules—and the opportunities for carrying out the basest instincts of a brutal play and player may be readily imagined.

Enough injuries resulted from accident in those plays, and many were deliberately inflicted by boys who had been egged on almost like the otherwise friendly terriers, whose noses had been rubbed together by a two-legged ruffian, until they were maddened into a fighting fury, which nothing short of blood could appease.

### Training the Player's Mind

The new rules make for play and not for batting. They place a premium on head rather than on body, and they are working most satisfactorily still further to increase the value of skill and judgment over mere brute force. Separating the rush lines has put an end to the opportunity for "scrapping" between the forwards.

So also the ten-yard rule has had its excellent influence upon the clean conduct of the game as well as upon its open nature; with twice the distance to gain as formerly on the same number of attempts, the close formations which hammered out a yard or two have dissolved as impracticable, and with their dissolution has passed the terrific, close physical struggles which were responsible for the more serious of the injuries.

But the most radical playing change in the game has been brought about by the forward pass, which has given an opportunity for the cleverest of the strategists, and will keep them guessing for several years to come. Through the forward pass there should result more highly-skilled manœuvres than the game has yet known; the play is still in its infancy, and its possibilities of development are well-nigh unlimited.

In scanning the past season there is one quarter, however, which yields no pleasure to our scrutiny, and that is in the number of school teams that continue to be allowed to meet college teams or local teams of much older boys, or sometimes of even men. The practice is really dangerous, and it ought to be stopped. As compared with the number of intercollege players, the number of schoolboys who meet college teams is, of course, very small, and yet, on the accident list, the schoolboys figure with nearly half as many injuries. Glance over the following accident table:

| | 1905 | 1906 | 1907 |
|---|---|---|---|
| College players | 78 | 54 | 51 |
| High-School players | 39 | 25 | 24 |
| Grade-School players | 7 | 11 | 9 |
| Athletic clubs | 7 | 10 | 5 |
| All others | 6 | 3 | 9 |
| Total | 137 | 103 | 98 |

Apart from showing the large percentage of schoolboys who should not be permitted to meet heavier teams in so strenuous a game as football, this table presents also more evidence of a lessening of accidents under the new rules. But that evidence passes for little when we read the percentage of deaths accredited to schoolboy players.

| | 1905 | 1906 | 1907 |
|---|---|---|---|
| High-School players | 10 | 7 | 5 |
| College players | 3 | 3 | 2 |
| Girl players | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Other players | 5 | 1 | 4 |

Note here the small, the very small, percentage of college fatalities, considering the overwhelmingly larger number of players from this class. There is a reason for this, and it is that college players are *prepared* for the hard play; they are in a physical condition to respond to its vigorous demands without harm. When untrained boys go into a game such as this and suffer an injury, the blame is not to be laid at the door of the game, but on the heads of the school principals—and especially and with all emphasis on the heads of the parents, who should take more intelligent interest in the play of their boys.

If this schoolboy playing was regulated we should be able to review the 1907 season without regret or criticism; as it is, it presents the cleanest page of any year we remember—and for that we are thankful—and hopeful.

—"FAIR-PLAY."

For ten cents in stamps or coin, to pay cost of packing and mailing, we will send you enough

Sample Can
Barrington Hall Coffee
The Steel-Cut

to make eight cups of delicious coffee—together with this beautiful, frosted, aluminum graduate, designed for measuring (rather than guessing) the amount of dry coffee to be used.

½ Actual Size

Barrington Hall is pure, high grade coffee, prepared by our patented process—a common-sense method of treating the berry whereby the substances which detract from its flavor and healthfulness are removed, and the coffee flavor is preserved to a remarkable degree.

By our process all dust and the bitter cellulose skin, evidently placed by nature around the heart of the berry to protect it, are removed and thrown away, and when you buy a pound of Barrington Hall you get a pound of the best part of the entire berry only. You can enjoy its delicious flavor without fear of ill effects.

"Steel-cut" means that the coffee is cut (not ground) into fine, even particles. This cutting does not crush the little oil cells as does grinding, and the rich, aromatic oil (Food Product), which makes coffee flavor, is preserved. This explains why a pound of Barrington Hall makes 15 to 20 cups more of perfect, full strength coffee than will the same weight of ordinary coffee.

PRICE: 35c to 40c per pound according to locality. Packed in sealed tins only. If your grocer tries to sell you some "just as good," in bags or cans, or will not order it for you, write us. We will tell you how and where to get Barrington Hall. If you accept an substitute you do not get our coffee by it.

ONE WORD MORE. We are more anxious to have you try Barrington Hall than to get your 10c that doesn't cover the cost anyhow; so if you are not only the coffee but think per[illegible] worth the dime, just drop us a line, without [illegible] and we will send you the coffee anyway. Then, if you find that it is really worth the 10c, you can remit to us afterwards. Doesn't this offer show that we believe you will like our coffee? Write us today and send us the 10c, if you feel like it.

Address our nearest office.

116 Hudson Street, New York City — or — 246 N. Second Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

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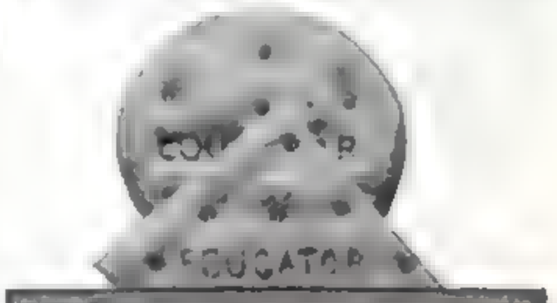


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Educator Crackers are made in many varieties, all from freshly milled entire grain. The preserve the full food value of the cereal, and in addition have a crispness and fascination that is a revelation. Samples and booklet sent free on postal request. Please send name of your grocer.

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HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

*Wood Rollers* *Tin Roller*

# The Diary of a Fool Investor

## V—The Whale Catches Jonah and Saves Him from the Sharks

## By WALLACE IRWIN

*If it wasn't for the Fool and his giddy little capers*
*There'd be no sermons and saloons—there'd be no daily papers,*
*There'd be no greed, there'd be no crime, there'd be no over-drinking,*
*And all the headaches in the world would come of over-thinking.*
*—Ballad of Been-There.*

*December* 26.—Didn't marry Katydid. Married Caryatid instead.

Ain't it strange how we often don't do what we're going to do, do we! Yesterday when I left Pa in rage and anger I said, "If he don't want me to marry the girl, I'll do it to show him I will; so there!" And I stamped terribly out of the house.

But when I got to the corner of G and Nutt streets I paused. A sudden fit of embarrassment seized me. Katydid might not care to marry me—and what then?

"Where are you going, pretty child?" said a voice at my elbow, and looking round I saw what I saw—it was Caryatid.

"I am going to ask the dearest, sweetest little ——"

"Cut that out!" demanded Caryatid in her masterful way. "Who is going to support you when you have turned Katydid Moss into Mrs. E. Z. Mark?"

"I don't ask any one to support me ——"

"You don't, but you ought to," interrupted Caryatid. "Now I want you to take the sound advice of a business woman. Don't tie yourself up to any woman you have to take care of—marry a woman strong enough to take care of you."

"And yet ——"

"Jonah, I want you to forget it and marry me!"

"This is so sud ——"

"Good things often come that way," she said. "Come, Jonah—let me lead you to the altar and I'll make a man of you."

The last promise was too tempting to resist, so we eloped by trolley to Lonehurst, where we were married by an automobile magistrate.

*December* 28.—Well, here we are. Caryatid has got it all settled. She says "the social status of husbands should be established," so she has given me a desk outside her office door, where I address envelopes, answer telephone and announce clients while she is inside practicing law. At 11 A. M. and 5 P. M. I am to leave my desk and repair to the little kitchen out back, where it is my task to cook our frugal meals. Thus is my life-work cut out for me. It seems a trifle tame to a young man who, but a short season ago, had a dream of breaking into the Salt Trust and felling H. H. Rogers to earth. And yet ——

I wish Caryatid wouldn't insist on opening my mail.

*December* 29.—This morning I got hold of the mail before Caryatid saw it. There was a letter for me addressed in a firm, business hand. Inside was a plain postal-card printed with words that made my old sporting blood warm anew. It said:

DO YOU WANT A CHOICE BUILDING LOT

***FREE?***

Without any obligations to *pay* anything?

If so, sign your name on line below and mail this Card.

On the reverse side of the card was the address:

***Golden Opportunity Company***

*TRENTON, N. J.*

I was just going into the office to get pen and ink when Kitten (for such I have learned to call her) came suddenly upon me.

"What are you doing with that card?" she asked abruptly.

Before I could stammer a reply she seized it forcibly.

"Huh!" she grunted. "Back to the green goods again, I see."

She was about to tear up the card when a bright idea struck her.

"Sign it and mail it," she said, "and when the Golden Opportunity man calls—send him in to me!"

I wonder what Kitten is up to! Is she interested in investments, too?

*December* 30.—Golden Opportunity called to-day in the person of a young man with a clerical coat and a cocktail voice. His card announced "Rev. J. W. Wheelcox, representing the Golden Opportunity Co."

"I understand, sir," he said, grasping my hand warmly, "you are considerably known in these parts as a Wise Investor ——"

"He's known as a Fool Investor and I'm his guardian," said Caryatid, bouncing out of the door. "Now, if you want to talk business, come in here and talk it with me."

Mr. Wheelcox and I followed quietly into the office.

"Sit down!" she snapped, and, as soon as Mr. Wheelcox had sidled into a chair, she continued, "Just what kind of a bunco shark do you happen to be?"

"My dear madam!" began Mr. W.

"Don't insult me, sir!" said Kitten. "I want to know what variety of green goods you are feeding to this—this lamb here."

"If you will be patient a moment," said Rev. Mr., "I will endeavor to explain. The purpose of the Golden Opportunity is, as we promise, to offer one lot free ——"

"Huh!" said Caryatid, wiping her glasses.

"One lot free, under the condition that you buy one of the groups of three into which the Golden Opportunity tract is divided. In one of these groups we offer the middle lot free, the adjoining lots for the nominal sum of ninety dollars apiece."

"You generous man!" said my wife.

"Not entirely generous, madam, not entirely. We are making this offer only to a few. We know that your husband, Mr. Quick, is one of the leading influential citizens of this important township ——"

"Don't throw out your chest, Jonah," said my bride. "Whenever your chest goes out your brain stops working."

"You will no longer hesitate, my dear Mrs. Quick," said Mr. Wheelcox, unfolding a large blue map, "when you see the lot, the splendid building lot, our company has decided to offer you free. Here" (pointing with his pencil to a small light spot in the lower right-hand corner) "are your three lots—lots 12, 13 and 14. Lot 13 we give to you free, gratis—lots 12 and 14 cost ninety dollars apiece, making the total price of the three lots a hundred and eighty dollars. Isn't it a bargain, madam?" said he, turning to my wife.

"Well, I don't know," said she. "It depends somewhat on the lots. Some lots wouldn't be a bargain at thirty cents apiece. How in mercy's name do I know your lots are worth the postage it takes to advertise them?"

"Now, Mrs. Quick!" said Mr. W. in an injured tone, "that is not a nice way to look at my offer, which I am merely making to your husband because he is a prominent man. Do you know what I was offered for those lots this morning?"

"I bite," said Caryatid. "How much?"

"I was offered a hundred and twenty dollars apiece for the three!" Mr. Wheelcox paused.

"Then why were you idiot enough not to take the offer?" asked my wife.

"Because," said Mr. Wheelcox, folding his map deliberately—"Because it is the policy of our company not to sell more than three lots to one customer—this particular party had already bought three lots. We wish to ——"

"Wish to what?" demanded Mrs. Q., rising impatiently.

"We wish to diversify."

"Well, diversify out of here as fast as your lazy legs will carry you!" snapped my bride, picking up an inkstand.

"I hope I may call again," said the Rev. Mr.

"Do you?" asked Caryatid.

*December* 31.—This morning, as I was washing the breakfast dishes, my wife came to me and said: "Jonah, to-morrow is New Year's and I think we ought to have a little bridal tour to-day."

"Where shall we go, Kitten?" I asked, glad of a vacation.

"We'll go and gloat over lots 12, 13 and 14 on the Golden Opportunity tract." That suited me, so long as Caryatid had the carfare. So in a half-hour we were steaming merrily along to Bog Center, a drizzling Queen Anne collection around a saloon and a livery stable. When we asked the liveryman to drive us to the Golden Opportunity tract he smiled behind his sleeve.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Mrs. Q.

"Oh, nothin'," said the liveryman. "I'm often took thus."

We drove for two hours through slush and swamp, and finally halted on the top of a small hill looking over a sea of billowing bog.

"That," said the driver, "is the Golden Opportunity tract."

He pointed us out lots 12, 13 and 14, situated on a mud-flat next to the tannery.

"You see them, Jonah, don't you?" asked Caryatid gently.

"Oh, yes," I admitted. "But they might be drained to look worth the price."

The man offered to row us out over the bog for a quarter, so we launched forth. At last, when we reached lots 12, 13 and 14, I took a good survey of the mud.

"It seems quite firm and substantial," I said. "I think it would hold up a medium-sized house."

"You'd better get out and try it," suggested the boatman, lighting his pipe.

"A good idea," said I. And before my dear wife could stop me I was walking in freezing mud up to my waist. The boatman pried me out with an oar and Caryatid hoisted me with an umbrella. When I got back in the boat my teeth were chattering and gallons of the Golden Opportunity tract were oozing out of my shoes.

My head aches. I have a gone feeling in my spine.

Caryatid is a good nurse, though somewhat firm.

*January* 1.—Although I have been far from a well husband all day, the New Year has not been without incident. Kitten has had me held down in hot blankets all day and has been boiling my throat with a home preparation known as Johnson's Mustard Gargle. Every time she comes toward me I wince, yet I feel she is making a brave man of me. I am too hoarse to answer back, so she has begun the day by calling me a fool and has worked up to quite a climax.

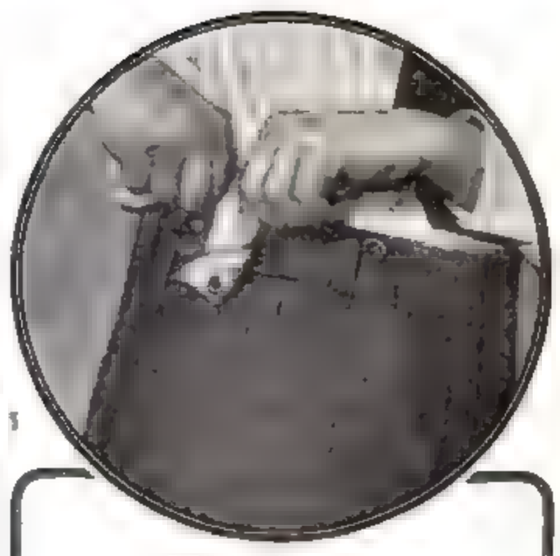
At 11 A. M. Mr. Wheelcox sent in his card. Caryatid was preparing me a mustard foot-bath at the time, so she invited him in. As soon as his head was well in the door she emptied the mustard bath on his silk hat, pursued him to the stairs with the tub, and dropped a bottle of Johnson's Mustard Gargle on him as he reached the second landing.

This record closes my Diary, because I feel that a married man shouldn't keep such childish things. Also I am afraid my wife will find it and begin investigating my business methods. I am throwing this Diary out of the window in hopes that some passing journalist may discover it and give to the world the early struggles of a Business Genius.

I do not wish this Diary to be taken as a discourager of youth, because I, with my small resources, failed in my legitimate investments. I still firmly believe that millions may be made in a minute by any investor who is able to get In Right.

As for me, however, my dream of gold is gone, at least temporarily. I cannot be a Captain of Industry, I cannot be a Power in the Street, I cannot be a Robber Baron—not because of any lack of essential talent, but because, as the poet says,

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "My Wife Won't Let Me."

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And it's all due to the vents in each side of the waist. It's wonderful how such a little thing as side vents can affect the entire *fit* of your trousers, yet it is just this principle that makes

**Present "Nufangl" Trousers**

fit so snug and smooth—without a wrinkle or bind anywhere.

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Leading clothiers have "Nufangl" Trousers in all seasonable weights and fabrics. Prices, $4 to $8.

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**$16.00 Saved**

By the usual "Laundry way" figures something like this

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| 2 doz. Collars, at $1.50 | $3.00 |
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| By the new "Litholin" way | |
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With a damp cloth they wipe clean, and as white as when new. Won't wilt, crack or fray

**Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.**

Ask for LITHOLIN (Waterproofed Linen) at your shirt store. If not in stock send style, size and remittance, and we will mail to any address, postpaid

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# THE NEW REPORTER

## And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

LESLIE M. SHAW, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, once from Iowa, but now from the plumb centre of the predatory wealth district in New York, deployed cautiously into Washington a short time ago to make some inquiries about himself as a Presidential candidate, which is merely another proof of the eternal truth that, once a man gets a touch of the candidate rabies, all the non-available serum in the world, inoculated in units of great size, will not cure him. Mr. Shaw has been a candidate for the Presidential nomination for several years, but in a purely personal way. That is to say, he has been ready at all times to lead the party to victory, and the only thing that has prevented this glorious consummation has been the trifling detail that the party did not seem to give a hoot to be led by Mr. Shaw. He has listened for months and months for the voice of the multitude urging him to grab the standard and show the way, but nothing to that effect has dinned in his ears. There hasn't been a whisper.

That has been discouraging, but not conclusive. Mr. Shaw is patient and persistent, and when he read in the papers of the lambasting his successor, Mr. Cortelyou, was getting on all sides, he came across to the Capital, not to gloat, but only to move about a bit and size up the situation. It is Mr. Shaw's favorite maxim that you never can tell which way a cat will jump. Thus, while he has taken a big financial position in New York and is devoting himself assiduously to business, he deems it only just that he should keep in touch.

Recent political events in Iowa have rather precluded the idea that Mr. Shaw will go to Chicago next June as a favorite son from that State, but that is not so fatal as it may appear. Other favorite sons are going to Chicago from other States, and, presently, they will need some rock on which to throw their support, after it is shown that none of them can be named. That is the exact moment at which Mr. Shaw hopes to officiate. He will be there, impersonating the rock, and if there is any support to be thrown he will have a full catching outfit in fine working order.

### Taft No Rubber Stamp

The attitude of Shaw is typical of the attitudes of the other Republican candidates. Each one is standing in a dignified position, hoping to inherit the strength of the others. You can hear fifty times a day the thrilling statement that the salvation of the country depends on the defeat of President Roosevelt, through his candidate, Mr. Taft, but nobody has a plan. It is quite likely in the present generation no President has had so many powerful enemies as President Roosevelt. They are all convinced he is a menace to everything, especially themselves. They are walking about, growling he must be defeated, but nobody seems to know how to do the trick. Daily stories are brought in of combinations that are being formed, of secret movements that are being fostered, but the plain truth of it is that the men who are opposed to the President have no plan, no leader and few prospects. They cannot crystallize. The idea of beating Taft with a few favorite-son movements in various States is so fantastic it makes the President laugh. He cheerfully asserts Taft will be named on the first ballot, and it begins to look as if he had the votes.

Meantime, there are loud cries that Taft should take a stand for himself, that he must not go into the campaign as the mere carbon copy of the President, pledged to all Rooseveltian policies and only a rubber stamp for his present chief. "Why," inquire some of the anti-Taft men, "doesn't Mr. Taft put out a line of thought of his own? Why does he subscribe fully to all the President's policies? Why does he not attack some of those policies and prove his independence?"

That is an interesting line of interrogatories, but it is met with a simple, single question by Taft's friends, and that question is: What other candidate for the Republican nomination has attacked any of the policies of the President, with the possible exception of Senator Foraker?

Leslie M. Shaw Listening for the Voice of the Multitude

Names, please! When did Mr. Fairbanks, or Mr. Knox, or Mr. Cannon, or Mr. La-Follette, or Mr. Cortelyou, or Mr. Hughes get up in open meeting and make such an onslaught? And, after that proposition is thought over for a time, it may appeal to some of the shouters that, possibly, Mr. Taft knows what he is doing.

The trouble with the opposition to Mr. Taft is that it has no candidate on whom it can centre. It has not yet found the man. The search has been frantic. The abilities of everybody have been canvassed. The "interests" have scoured the country. And, all the time, Taft has been thumping along and getting support, because the President is for him. It may be a combination can be made strong enough to defeat Taft, but it has not been made yet, and if it isn't made pretty soon the Chicago convention will be only a ratification meeting. A great many powerful men are in the movement to defeat Taft and, through him, the President. They all say the deed must be done, but nobody has specifications for the operation. It is quite likely they will keep trying, and they may succeed. Meantime, Taft is a long ways in the lead and it will require a lot of sprinting by the people opposed to the President to catch him. Colonel Roosevelt is somewhat of a politician himself.

Almost the same situation exists in the Democratic party. There is a large element that desires to defeat Mr. Byran for the nomination, who is clearly in the lead at this time. These Democrats are in the same boat with the Republicans. They say Bryan must be beaten, but they do not know how to beat him. They have no plan. They have no candidate. They have nothing but a lot of superheated language, and every time they start out to do some defeating of The Peerless they come back to where they began and cuss some more. Their problem is not so difficult, politically, as that of the Republicans, for it requires two-thirds to nominate in a Democratic national convention. Just at present the abiding-place of the one more than one-third of the votes of the convention is not apparent. Bryan must be beaten. That is the motto of many influential Democrats. It is a fine motto, they think, but it doesn't convince much, for it is always coupled with the innocent query: How? And the Democrats who are leading the crusade haven't found an answer.

Both Taft and Bryan people are so sure they are talking about running mates. Somebody stuck his head up out of the grass a few days ago and said Timothy L. Woodruff, of New York, would look well on the ticket with Taft. Mr. Woodruff thinks so. The New York delegation indorsed him for Vice-President at Philadelphia in 1900, after it was known Governor Roosevelt would be put on the ticket with President McKinley, and Woodruff has had the idea ever since that the delegation meant it. Also, there is an active boom for former Governor Douglas, of Massachusetts, as a companion for Mr. Bryan. These selections merely show the jubilant frame of mind of the Taft and Bryan people. They think it is all over but the shouting. Still—and this is the comforting thought of the dissenters to the two programa—it is a long time until the conventions.

The House of Representatives is laughing over a story on Speaker Cannon. There was a vacancy in one of the House offices a short time ago for a man who was expert in the work to be performed. Uncle Joe knew about it and produced a constituent of his for the place. Quite naturally, the man was appointed and went to work. Uncle Joe vouched for him.

He was busily engaged one afternoon, pounding on a typewriter, when he stopped, looked up to the employee near him and observed: "Mr. Cannon is a nice man, isn't he?"

"Yes," said the other, "he is a nice man."

"I think it was fine of him to give me this place."

"It was extremely kind."

The young man went back to his typewriting. After a minute or two he looked up again and said: "Say, I wish you would tell me whether Mr. Cannon is a Democrat or a Republican."

Since some investigating person, undoubtedly a minion of the Money Devil, dug up the interesting fact that the Honorable Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, Trustbuster and General Crusader Against Mammon, had put two of his daughters on the Senate pay-roll, one as secretary and one as laborer, the Honorable Jeff has been a bit subdued. It is not unusual for Senators to put relatives on the pay-roll, but not many of them have appointed their daughters as laborers. Recently it has been announced that the laborer daughter will not take the place. Papa has thought better of it.

### How Davis Makes Mammon Yelp

It isn't likely the Plain People of Arkansas, who are the especial charges of Davis, will resent the thrift of their leader, for it has long been a precept with Crusaders Against Mammon that one of the best ways to make Mammon yelp is to get money away from it. And, inasmuch as this is a trust-ridden Government, according to Jeff, why not put a crimp in it by getting all the money possible for the Davis family? On that momentous occasion when Senator Davis, a few days after he had taken his seat, rose and delivered his enormous philippic against Trusts, the Money Devil, and all the rest of the horrid crew, he announced, standing there in impassioned attitude, that the metropolitan press had sneered at him, had said it wouldn't be six months until he was feeding from the hands of the Trusts. He resented this. "I may share the crusts of Lazarus," he shouted, "but I swear to you to-day, by every god in the calendar, that I shall never eat from the hand of Mammon."

That was hot stuff, and meant to be. The six months are not up yet, and it is quite likely Jeff will not feed as suggested in that time, but there are signs that may well make the Plain People of Arkansas a bit apprehensive. Davis has so far forgotten his fealty to the principles that made him what he is that he rides in a luxurious parlor car instead of a democratic day coach when he travels up here in this land of the Criminal Rich, and the betting is five to one he will wear a suit of evening clothes before the first of May. He has kept clear of this badge of aristocracy thus far, but he has found when people go out in the evening in Washington they generally wear suitable raiment, and there are signs that he is tottering. He has been heard to ask, "How about these swallow-tail contraptions, anyhow?" He is still faithful to his long coat

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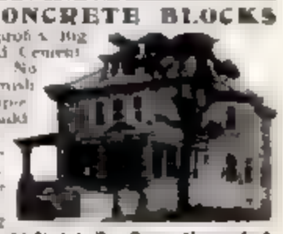

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and his wide-cut waistcoat, but Washington waits patiently for his fall. It will come, and then what will the Plain People think?

There was a time when Senator Bailey, of Texas, was the reputed foe of evening clothes. It was said he wouldn't wear 'em, but that was long ago. He wears them now, and is as faultless a figure in them as you can find in this city of well-dressed folks. That evening clothes story about Bailey was a good deal of a myth, I am told, but it stuck to him for years, even after he had provided himself with all the togs required by the conventionalities. Bailey has not done much this year. He has sat gloomily, listening most of the time, occasionally entering the debate, but not often.

There was an affecting scene in the Senate a short time ago. Senator Culberson, also of Texas, Democratic leader, and Bailey's most cordial enemy, arose in his place and announced the appointment of his colleague, Senator Bailey, to the chairmanship of the Committee on the Disposition of Useless Papers in the Executive Departments. You would think, to hear Culberson say it, that he was conferring on his colleague a boon of priceless worth; and he was doing something, at that, for the chairmanship gives Bailey a committee-room for an office, which he has not had heretofore. Still, everybody chuckled at the thought of Bailey, the great Constitutional authority, sitting at the head of a Committee on Useless Documents—that is, everybody but Bailey. He bowed gravely to Culberson, showing that he has a sense of humor, no matter what he was thinking of Culberson at the time.

While the committees are getting the appropriation bills ready the House is amusing itself with the bill to revise and codify the criminal laws of the United States. The codifiers have been at work for years, and their report, the bill, is a most imposing document. The lawyers of the House have seized on it, and they debate the placing of commas and semicolons with tremendous avidity. It is a free field, for the statesmen must have something to do until the House leaders get the business of the session in shape to tell them what they must do. Littlefield, of Maine, and Cockran, of New York, are most interested. Each one of them talks about two hundred words a minute, and when they get together it sounds like an explosion of a language mill on a still morning. The official reporters go tremulously into the fray and retire at the end of their five-minute takes loaded down with thoughts on the theory, practice, intent and interpretation of the law. If Littlefield and Cockran keep it up at the pace they started, the printed record of the debate will be twice as large as the code, which itself makes an unabridged dictionary look like a mere pamphlet.

Notwithstanding this vehicle for the exercise of the legal abilities of the House, Representative Charles Gordon Edwards, of Georgia, suh, is discouraged. He wants more action in the House, as can easily be understood when it is known that Mr. Edwards, on his native heath, in addition to being a lawyer, also deals in naval stores and is engaged in sawmilling, farming and banking. To that end, Representative Edwards has fathered a resolution requiring the House to meet at nine o'clock in the morning instead of at noon. This is Edwards' first term. He cannot see the sense of loafing around until noon and then talking for a few hours in the afternoon and quitting. Neither could I when I first got here, but I soon found out what will be conveyed to Representative Edwards in some concrete way, that the only proceedings on the floor that count for anything are the votes. He seems to think legislation is acquired by conversation in the open, whereas it is acquired by conversation in committee-rooms, not in the open more than can be helped. It might be a good thing to put in time-clocks and make the statesmen ring in at nine each morning. Perhaps they would go to bed earlier.

# COLDS AND HOW TO CATCH THEM

(Continued from Page 11)

gale at night! It looked little short of murder! So much so to some of us that we decided to test it on ourselves before risking our patients.

I can still vividly recall the astonishment with which I woke one frosty December morning, after sleeping all night in a breeze across my head that literally made

> Each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porpentine,

not only without the sign of a sniffle, but feeling as if I'd been made new while I slept.

Then we tried it in fear and trembling on our patients, and the delight of seeing the magic it worked! That is an old story now, but it has never lost its charm. To see the cough which has defied "dopes" and syrups and cough mixtures, domestic, patent and professional, for months subside and disappear in from three to ten days; the night-sweats dry up within a week; the appetite come back; the fever fall; the strength and color return, as from the magic kiss of the free air of the woods, the prairies, the seacoast. There's nothing else quite like it on the green earth. Do you wonder that we become "fresh-air fiends"?

### Try the Open-Air Cure

The only thing we dread in these camps is the imported "cold." Dr. Lawrence Flick was the first to show us the way in this respect as in several others. He put up a big sign at the entrance of White Haven Sanatorium: "No persons suffering from colds allowed to enter," and traced the only epidemic of colds in the sanatorium to the visit of a butcher with the grip. I put up a similar sign at the gate of my Oregon camp, and never had a patient catch cold from tenting out in the snow and "Oregon mists" until the small son of the cook came back from the village school, shivering and sneezing, when seven of the thirteen patients "caught it" within a week.

What will cure a consumptive will surely not kill a healthy man. I am delighted to say that it shows signs of becoming a fad now, and sleeping porches are being put on houses all over the country. No house in California is considered complete without them. The ideal bedroom is a small dressing-room, opening on a wide screened porch, or balcony, with a door wide enough to allow the bed to be rolled inside during storms or in severest weather.

Sleep on a porch, or in a room with windows on two sides wide open, and the average living-room or office begins to feel stuffy and "smothery" at once. Apply the same treatment here. Learn to sit in a gentle draft, and you'll avoid two-thirds of your colds and three-fourths of your headaches. It may be necessary in winter to warm the draft, but don't let any patent method of ventilation delude you into keeping your windows shut any hour of the day or night.

On the other hand, don't fall into the widespread delusion that because air is cold it is necessarily pure. Some of the vilest air imaginable is that shut up in those sepulchres known as "best bedrooms," which chill your very marrow. The rheumatism or snuffles you get from sleeping between their icy sheets comes from the crop of bacilli which has lurked there since they were last aired. The "no heat in a bedroom" dogma is little better superstition, born of those fecund parents which mate so often, stinginess and puritanism. Practically, the room which will *never* have a window opened in it in winter is the one without any heat.

Similarly, the air in an underheated church, hall or theatre is almost sure to be foul. The janitor will keep every opening closed in order to get the temperature up. Some churches are never once decently ventilated from December to May. The same old air, with an ever richer crop of germs, is reheated and served up again every Sunday. The "odor of sanctity" is the residue of the breaths and perspiration of successive generations. Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but it is sometimes an astonishingly long step behind it.

The next important step is to keep clean, both externally and internally: externally, by cold bathing; internally, by exercise. The only reason why a draft ever hurts us is because we are full of self-poisons, or germs. The self-poisons can be best got rid of by abundant exercise in the open air and plenty of pure, cold $H_2O$, internally and externally.

### The Cold Bath a Wonder-Worker

Food has very little to do with these autotoxins, and they are as likely to form on one diet as another. In fact, they form normally and in states of perfect health, and are only poisonous if retained too long. It is simply a question of burning them up and getting rid of them quickly enough by exercise with its attendant deep breathing and perspiration. The lungs are great garbage burners. Exercise every day till you puff and sweat.

A blast of cold air suddenly stops the escape of these poisons through the skin and throws them on the lungs, liver or kidneys. The resulting disturbance is the second commonest form of a "cold," and covers perhaps a third of all cases occurring. This is the cold that can be prevented by the cold bath. Keep the skin hardened and toned up to such a pitch that no reasonable chill will stop it from excreting, and you are safe. Never depend on clothing. The more you pile on, the more you choke and "flabbify" the skin and make it ready to "strike" on the first breath of cold air. Too heavy flannels are cold-breeders, and chest-protectors inventions of the Evil One. Trust the skin; it is one of the most important and toughest organs in the body, if only given half a chance.

But the most frequent way in which drafts precipitate a cold is by temporarily lowering the vital resistance. This gives the swarms of germs present almost constantly in our noses, throats, stomachs, bowels, etc., the chance they have been looking for—to break through the cell-barrier and run riot in the body.

### Our Bodies Alive with Germs

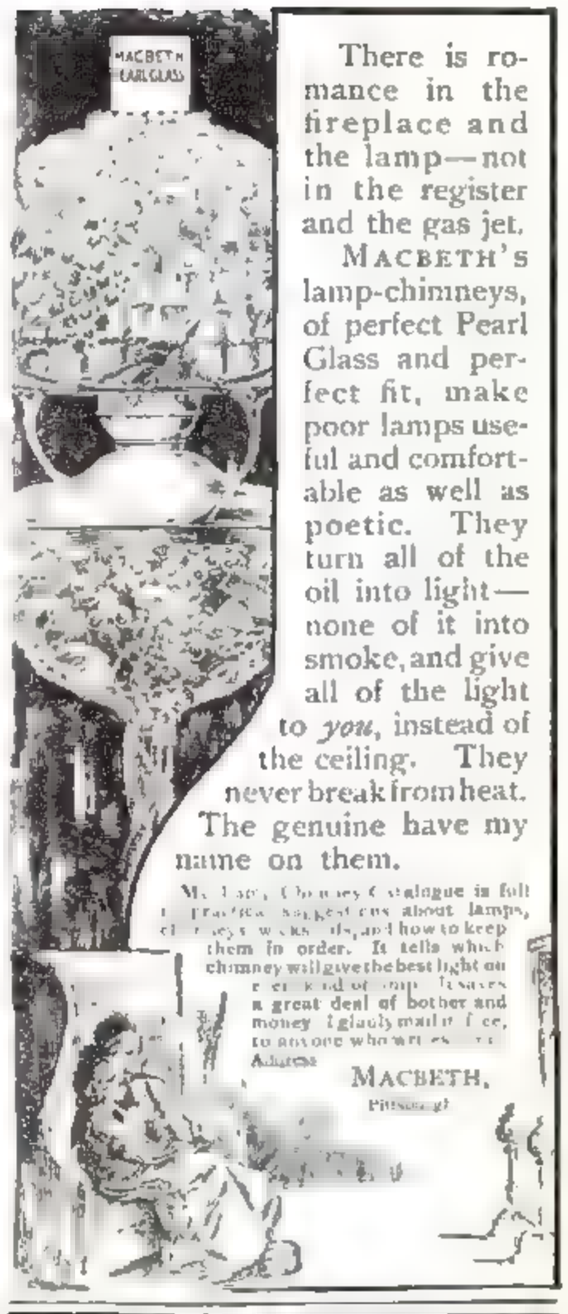
So long as the pavement cells of our mucous membranes are healthy they can keep them out indefinitely. Lower their tone by cold, fatigue, underfeeding, and their line is pierced in a dozen places at once. One of the many horrifying things which bacteriology has revealed is that our bodies are simply alive with germs, even in perfect health. One enthusiastic dentist has discovered and described no less than *thirty-three* distinct species, each one numbering its billions, which inhabit our gums and teeth. Our noses, our stomachs, our intestines, each boast a similar population. Most of them do no harm at all; indeed, some probably assist in the processes of digestion. Others are camp-followers, living on our leavings; others captive enemies which have been clubbed into peaceful behavior by our leucocyte and anti-body police.

For instance, not a few healthy noses and throats contain the bacillus of diphtheria and the diplococcus of pneumonia. We are beginning to find that these last two groups will bear watching. Like camp-followers elsewhere, they carry knives, and are not above using them on the wounded after dark. In fact, they have a cheerful habit of taking a hand in any disturbance that starts in their bailiwick, and usually on the side against the body-cells.

Finally, while clearly realizing that the best defense is attack, and that our chief reliance should be upon keeping ourselves in such fighting trim that we can "eat 'em alive" at any time, there is no sense in running easily-avoidable risks, and we should keep away from infection as far as possible. If a child comes to school heavy-eyed, hoarse and snuffling the teacher should send him home at once. It will only waste his time attempting to study in that trim, and may infect a score of others. Moreover, it may be remarked, parenthetically, these are also the symptoms of the beginning of measles, scarlet fever or diphtheria, and two-thirds of all cases of these would be sent home before they could infect any one else if this procedure were the rule.

If your own child develops a cold, if mild, keep him playing out-of-doors by himself; or if severe, in bed, in a well-ventilated room, for three or four days. He'll get better twice as quick as if at school, and the rest of the household will escape.

When you wake with a stuffed head and aching bones, stay at home for a few days, if possible, out of regard for your customers, your fellow-clerks, or your office force, as well as yourself. If one of your employees comes to work shivering give him three days' vacation on full pay. If it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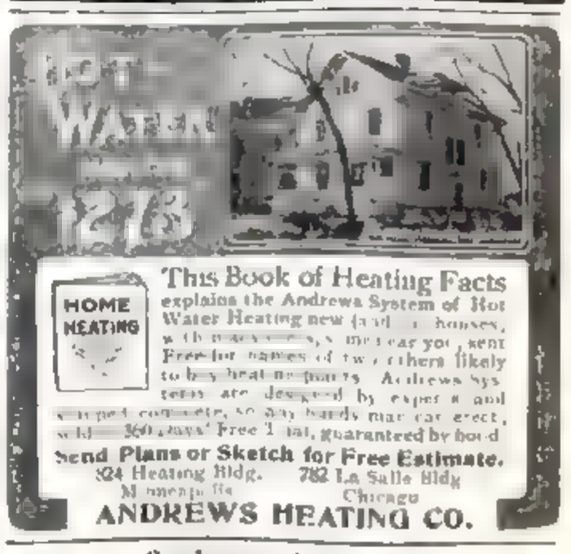


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runs through the force you'll lose five times as much in enforced sick-leaves, slowness and mistakes. Above all, don't go to any public gatherings, like church, the theatre or parties, when you are snuffling and coughing. You are not exactly a joy to your beholders, even if you don't infect them. It is advisable and well worth the trifling trouble and expense to fumigate thoroughly with formalin all churches, theatres and schoolrooms at least once a month. Reasonable and public-spirited precautions of this sort are advisable, not only to avoid colds themselves, which are disagreeable and dangerous enough, but because mild infections of this sort are far the commonest single means of making a breach in our body ramparts through which more serious diseases like consumption, pneumonia and rheumatism may force an entry.

Colds do not "run into" consumption or pneumonia; but they bear much the same relation to them that good intentions are said to do to the infernal regions. They release the lid of a perfect Pandora's box of distempers—tuberculosis, pneumonia, rheumatism, bronchitis, Bright's disease, neuritis, endocarditis. A cold is no longer a joke. A generation ago a prominent physician was asked by an anxious mother: "Doctor, how would you treat a cold?"

"With contempt, madam," replied the great man.

That day is past, and has lasted too long. Intelligently regarded and handled, they are the least harmful of diseases; neglected, one of the most dangerous, because there are such legions of them. To sum up, if you wish to revel in colds all that is necessary is to observe the following few and simple rules:

Keep your windows shut.

Avoid drafts as if they were a pestilence.

Take no exercise between meals.

Bathe seldom, and in warm water.

Wear heavy flannels, chest-protectors, abdominal bandages and electric insoles.

Have no heat in your bedroom.

Never let anything keep you away from church, the theatre or parties, in winter.

Never go out-of-doors when it's windy, or rainy, or wet underfoot, or cold, or hot, or looks as if it was going to be any of these.

Be just as intimate and affectionate as possible with every one you know who has a cold. Don't neglect them on any account.

# A SENATOR OF THE SIXTIES

(Concluded from Page 9)

urgent in their desire to drive Terry's men from their forts and hold forcible possession of their property.

In a few days I was satisfied that it would be a very foolish thing to interfere with Terry as matters then stood, and I went to San Francisco and informed the companies of this.

My clients then wanted to litigate, and about that time Judge Cradlebaugh, who was one of Utah's judges, assigned to the western district of that Territory, appeared. Just at that time President Buchanan removed him and appointed Judge Flenniken in his place. Flenniken did not arrive until late in the fall of 1860, Cradlebaugh claiming to be judge, because he maintained that the President had no right to remove a Territorial judge.

During the lull in litigation with regard to the trial of cases before Judge Cradlebaugh, some miners asked me to assist them in friendly arbitration in regard to a dispute which arose among them about claims near the Devil's Gate on the road down the cañon.

We went on the ground and then retired to the Devil's Gate toll-house, which was a stone building about ten by fifteen feet. It was divided into two rooms. There was a door into the principal room from the street where toll was collected, and a bar extended the length of the room. Next to the bar was a small door into a room five or six feet wide and ten feet long. We went in there to avoid an unpleasant wind prevailing that day, chose three arbitrators, and called in a Utah justice of the peace to swear the witnesses.

I was sitting with my back against the wall near the door which opened into the barroom. I had on a very thin overcoat with large side pockets in which I had two Texas derringers which carried ounce balls. They were the only safe, warlike implements at close range except a knife. Pistols carrying a small ball might kill an antagonist, but before his death he could continue to use a knife or a gun, unless he was accidentally shot through the heart; but a derringer ball hitting a man anywhere would knock him down and stupefy him so that he could not instantly continue to fight.

I heard the clattering of Mexican spurs that made considerable noise at the door of the barroom.

A voice said: "How are you, Brown?"

I instantly made up my mind that it was Sam Brown, a notorious character who had killed sixteen men during the preceding winter! The Utah officers dared not attempt to arrest him, and he had everything his own way. I knew very well, if we met in that small room, some of us would be killed, so I cocked my two pistols, pointed them at the door, and when he came in held them pointed at his breast.

Without noticing me, he swaggered in, raised his hand, and said: "Swear me."

I called out to the Justice: "Swear the witness!" which he timidly did. I then inquired what he had to say and what he knew about the case. He claimed some interest in the ground. After he had testified he went out. The referees went into the other room and I followed behind the balance of those present.

As I confronted Brown, who stood facing the door with his elbow on the bar, I continued to hold my pistols in front of him, supposing he would attack me when I came out. Although he barred the way, using profane language, he said he liked my kind, and asked me if I would take a drink with him. We touched glasses and parted friends. The next day he called on me at Carson and wanted to employ me in a lawsuit he expected to have at Aurora, where rich mines had been discovered, and which is now in Esmeralda County. He said he believed that he and I could get justice in a mining camp. I told him he was right, I thought we could. He said he would be back in a few days and would give me a good retainer.

He left about ten o'clock and went up the valley, which was then the road to California, to a station known as Van Sickles. He called there for his dinner, the waiter did not serve it to suit him, and Brown knocked him down with his pistol. Van Sickles was a Dutchman, a very mild-mannered man, but he told Brown that he ought not to do that. Then Brown drew his pistol and went after him. Van Sickles ran behind a pile of rocks and got away, and Brown went out, got on his horse and started on his journey up the valley toward Aurora. Van Sickles loaded a shot-gun with balls and started after him on a fast pony, remaining far enough behind so that Brown could not see who it was.

The road forked near the station where Brown would evidently stop for the night, and when Van Sickles saw him take one he took the other, and got into the barn, which had an open door where travelers would ride in, and stood at one side of the door. Brown had not observed him, and when he rode in Van Sickles jammed the muzzle against his breast and said, "Now I kills you," and fired both barrels and Brown fell dead.

There was great rejoicing in the whole country over the act of Van Sickles, and as a reward he was elected Sheriff of Douglas County as soon as the county was organized.

Editor's Note—This is the first of four articles by ex-Senator Stewart

# YOUR SAVINGS

## Some Helps to Saving

FROM time to time there has been occasion to say much in this department about saving. To many people who have never saved, or never even tried to save, the mere thought of saving has suggested denial, sacrifice or hardship. "How can I save when I scarcely make enough to live?" is a widespread plaint. Yet, in the main, this is not true, because modern business and philanthropic organizations have provided so many first aids and helps to saving that they are practically within the reach and use of everybody, big and little, white, black or red, no matter how small his wages or other means of obtaining money are.

Saving has been called the symbol and instrument of man's independence. Benjamin Franklin once declared that by labor and saving alone can the workingman become rich. It is always good to remember two homely facts: first, that it is not what you earn but what you save that makes you wealthy and second, that practically all investment begins with saving. You must have money to put out to work so that it will earn more money.

The saving instinct has many foes. Perhaps none is more widespread than buying on credit. It has been computed and shown by actual experience that a family lives for a day and a half on goods bought on credit, which, if bought for cash, would last for more than two days.

The approach to savings lies through some very simple rules, chief of which are: spend less than you earn, buy for cash, and keep some account of what you earn and spend.

No matter in what part of the United States you may happen to live you can get in touch with some agency that will help or encourage saving. In the absence of postal savings-banks, which, in many foreign countries, bring the saving reminder to the very doors of the people, there are other forces. Some of them which exist in this country and abroad will be explained in this article.

Many persons think that to begin to save in a definite and orderly fashion they must use a savings-bank right away. The truth of the matter is that the savings-bank is often the second or third stage in the journey toward a savings deposit. By means of savings-stamps it is possible to begin with pennies. This system has been successfully introduced into a number of American cities, and has proved to be not only a conserver of money but also an uplifting force for a great mass of people.

For the purpose of concrete illustration the plan in use in New York will be cited because it is the largest and one of the most comprehensive.

The beginning was significant in showing a fundamental cause for a widespread lack of saving. Along in the eighties the workers for the New York Charity Organization Society, in the course of investigations among the poor, and especially in the crowded tenement districts, discovered that there was little or no saving among the people. Wages were always used up; many persons were in debt and at the mercy of shopkeepers and pawnbrokers. When sickness, accidents or other misfortunes came, and the income suddenly ceased, there was no money in the house. The children were often forced to beg in the streets. There was little opportunity for saving, because the savings-banks did not begin deposits with very small sums. Only one bank at that time would begin a deposit with a dollar. So the idea of starting some kind of institution which would take pennies on deposit was originated. In England the stamp-savings plan was in operation. The result was its adoption in New York for what came to be known as the Penny Provident Fund. It is a philanthropic work, being conducted with no idea of profit or gain. This is the


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plan: Stamps of the same size as the souvenir exposition postage-stamps, and of the denominations of one, two, three, five, ten, twenty-five, fifty cents and a dollar, are sold at stations established in many parts of the city. Anybody may become a depositor. All you have to do is to buy one stamp, and it may be a one-cent stamp. You are given a cardboard book in which the stamps are pasted and which the depositor keeps. The stamp is the only record of deposit, for there is no bookkeeping. As soon as one book is filled the depositor gets another and the amount deposited in the old is credited in the new. No interest is paid on these stamp deposits, because the idea of the Fund officers is to encourage the depositor to begin a regular savings-bank account as soon as he has saved $10 in stamps. Then he can begin to get interest for his money. The money is withdrawn on the surrender of the card-book if all the amount of the stamps in it is desired. If only a part of the deposit is wanted stamps representing that part are punched or canceled.

Any responsible person in any part of the United States can start a branch station of the Penny Provident Fund. A capital of $25 for the first purchase of stamps is all that is required. The money received on deposit is usually ample to buy enough stamps to keep the station going.

Beginning originally with the pennies of the poor of New York City, the work of the Penny Provident Fund has spread to other cities and States. To-day there are 265 branch banks with 61,114 depositors. Last year $106,678 was deposited, much of it in pennies. Since the establishment of the Fund $1,318,927.35 has been deposited.

You find the stations in many curious and unexpected places. They are in big department stores, in social settlements, nurses' settlements, libraries, dispensaries, boys' clubs and kindergartens. A Brooklyn laundry has a station as part of its welfare work for the employees. Typical of the wide scope of the work there is a branch at the Hampton Institute for Negroes at Hampton, Virginia. It is called the Afro-American Penny Savings-Bank. The Fund sends collectors at the lunch hour to many of the New York department stores to sell the clerks stamps. In this way it goes direct to the people who cannot come to the banks.

### Collection Savings-Banks

In this connection it might be interesting to cite one of the helps given to small savings in England by what is generally known as the House-to-House Collection Banks. Many people do not save because they are lazy and do not want to go to the bank. There are others who need a personal appeal and a regular reminder. They are reached by collectors of savings who have been aptly called "wandering consciences."

These collection banks are frequently adjuncts of church work. They are absolutely non-sectarian and do not require an attendance at church to obtain the benefits. There is a parish collector who makes his or her rounds every Monday morning collecting the savings. Any amount from a penny up is received. These are recorded in the depositor's book, which is furnished free of charge. For the benefit of those who have to work and cannot be at home when the collector calls, deposits are received in the evening at the church institute or parish house or some other designated place. No interest is paid on these collected deposits, but the officers are willing at any time to transfer the account to a postal savings-bank. The funds thus received are deposited with the post-office, and bear interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. a year, which is sufficient to pay the expenses.

There are various other small savings agencies both in this country and in England. They include fuel, clothing, and other kinds of savings clubs. In England there is even a Christmas Goose Club, which provides holiday fare for the poor who contribute their pennies to it during the summer.

The fuel clubs, especially for coal, are typical. The members deposit their savings during the summer. Then, during the winter, when coal is high, they get the coal at summer rates.

In next week's article more helps for savings will be explained, including the People's, Coöperative and Municipal Banks of Europe, and the Provident Loan and other similar enterprises in this country.

# THE FARMER'S AWAKENING

(Concluded from Page 5)

In view of such results—and I have by no means exhausted the list—it is not strange that Wisconsin has come to place confidence in its university. The hand of progress has been laid even on the local milkman. At irregular intervals an officer stops the wagon on its rounds, buys a quart of milk, analyzes it, and publishes the result in the local paper, so that every householder knows just what he is buying. Purchasers of pure-bred cows have learned by experience to prefer official university tests to the individual tests of the breeders, so that the university has gained a vast influence with the stockmen. It has laid especial emphasis on community breeding, and associations have been formed in various districts, each concentrating its energies on a single breed. There are several Guernsey centres; and Lake Mills, a Holstein centre, annually ships pure-bred stock to the value of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Largely as a result of university control, Wisconsin has become one of the most important breeding centres of the country.

The college at Ames, Iowa, has made very interesting and valuable experiments in the feeding of stock to be slaughtered. Of the total number of hogs received at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, the greatest hog market in the world, Iowa furnishes more than one-half.

A miller who was found running corn hulls into his wheat bran answered a protest with the remark: "What does a farmer know about protein!" Thanks to a bulletin, 25,000 of which were distributed by the State College, the intelligent farmer now knows a good deal about protein. He knows just what is in the commercial feedstuffs, and how to make his own mixtures, whether for the purpose of producing work from a horse, milk or meat from cattle, or wool from sheep.

### Worthless Cattle Medicines

The Iowa bulletin on condimental stock foods and tonics, issued last January, is hilarious reading, even for the layman. Nearly every drug store and feed store, in addition to numerous and indefatigable agents, was selling these wares. They advertised to cure the thousand natural ills which stock is heir to, including Texas fever, which is caused by a tick, and tuberculosis, which is caused by a germ. Their claims read like an intended parody of patent-medicine advertising.

Experiment showed, of course, that all these claims were groundless. As foods the preparations were mediocre, and the drugs in them were either without effect or of the most familiar kind. One mysterious fact remained, however. The stock was most unmistakably eager for condimental mixtures. But even this yielded to chemical analysis. It was found that in one hundred pounds of mixture there was sometimes as high as *eighty-five pounds of salt*.

I found one professor at Ames experimenting on a cart wheel having such finely-adjusted ball bearings that with a single whirl it would revolve ten minutes, whereas an ordinary wheel will revolve only two or three times. A prominent firm was selling wagons equipped with it for large prices, its agents claiming that it eliminated forty per cent. of the draft. Now, as it happens, the friction in an ordinary axle is only about four per cent. of the total draft, the great item being the unevenness of farm roads. But this professor was working out his problem with delicate and elaborate apparatus, and at the expense of weeks of labor.

Scientific accuracy of statement is the first essential.

Very interesting experiments in breeding are also under way. The leading types of draft horses are now imported from France and England. Professor W. J. Kennedy spent last summer abroad purchasing horses from which he hopes to produce a breed acclimated to the country, and adapted to our special American conditions. Longhorn cattle are excellent meat producers; but their horns make them hard to handle in the barn and dangerous to one another. Professor Kennedy is endeavoring, by an admixture of polled cattle, to remove their horns without impairing their value as meat producers. One of the problems of sheep-raising on our Western ranges lies in the fact that sometimes the leading demand is for wool and sometimes for mutton. By combining the British Southdown and the Merino and other breeds from France, Professor Kennedy hopes to produce a breed that can be used at need either for meat or wool.

Some years ago the colleges began showing their stock at the international shows held in Chicago. The men who made a business of breeding laughed at the idea that college professors had anything to show them. In the last seven contests, judged by Englishmen and Scotchmen, the colleges have won four grand championships for steers Iowa in 1902, Nebraska in 1903, Minnesota in 1904, and Iowa in 1905. In 1906, Iowa owned the grand champion, though it was exhibited by its former owner. In swine the results are equally good, Iowa having taken the grand championship three times and Ohio once, while Iowa has taken fifty per cent. of all prize money. In sheep, Wisconsin has won two grand championships in the seven years, and always a heavy share of the prizes. The professional breeders no longer laugh at the professors. Quite the contrary, they have protested against competition from them as unfair to the mere business man. But more liberal counsels are prevailing, the verdict being that the purpose of the shows is to exhibit the best types of stock from whatever source. The colleges are just beginning to show horses.

As a result of all this extension and experimental work there has of late years been a rapid increase in the number of students in the colleges. At Wisconsin, for example, the four-year course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Agricultural Science, for many years sparsely attended, last year enrolled one hundred and forty-two students. For two years the studies are prescribed, and the list includes chemistry, physics, biology and botany, mathematics, English and German. In the junior year agricultural chemistry, soils and bacteriology are prescribed; but the major portion of the work is elective. In the senior year all studies are elective, so that the student can prepare himself for whatever field he may choose.

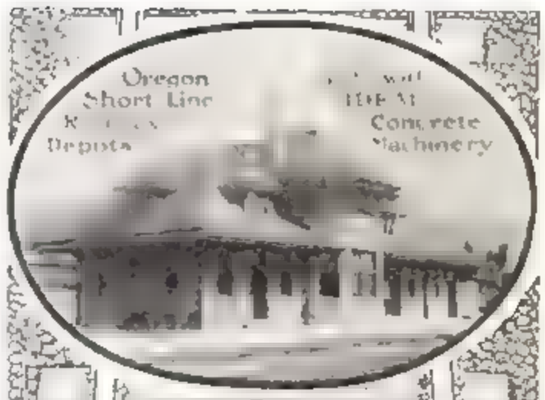
### What Young Farmers Earn

The graduates of the four-year course easily find positions in the Government bureaus at Washington, in the agricultural colleges and in the practical management of large farms. At Iowa I was told that the average salary of graduates in twenty-six State colleges and experiment stations was sixteen hundred dollars, the lowest being eight hundred dollars. The highest was no less than ten thousand dollars, and, after ten years of service, there was a guaranteed pension of five thousand dollars a year.

This was for a position under the British Government in Calcutta. The man who secured it was only twenty-four years old when he was graduated last year; but before going to Ames he had received the degree of B. A. at the University of Edinburgh and of Ph. D. at Leipsic.

About eighty per cent. of the agricultural students of the Iowa State College, I was told, go back to the farm, often refusing salaried positions of twelve hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars to start with.

These figures compare exceedingly well with the earnings of engineers, of which the public holds an exaggerated notion. Some years ago one of the classes of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology gathered, at its fifteenth anniversary, statistics of the earnings of its members. In spite of the fact that several had made themselves millionaires, the average was somewhat less than three thousand dollars. As most engineers are subject to the expenses of city life, it is probable that the net returns to agricultural graduates are greater.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# The Law and Laughing Eyes

(Concluded from Page 13)

Here the stenographic notes of the police clerk who was taking down the confession grew confused—a string of broken exclamations. After that they go on

"She was afraid of me! That was what made me worse. She was afraid of me, and every time I saw her tremble it made me more and more furious to see. She couldn't understand it was because I loved her!

"And when I broke out at her before him, I'd see her looking at him; and I thought I saw what was in her mind. She was glad he was there, because, if ever I hurt her, he might protect her. I hated him! Yes, I hated him.

"He was almost as much afraid as she was, but in another way. He knew, if I fired him out, he'd have to go and make a living in the open, where they might find him any time. Besides, I knew about him. I could turn him over to the police whenever I wanted to. Maybe that's why he acted the way he did—kept away from her, never talked to her when we were all together, but always to me. And that made me wild, because I suspected that he was seeing her in private. Every time I'd accuse her of it and abuse her for it I'd see her watching the door, as if she expected to run to him for help ——"

Here again the notes are fragmentary and exclamatory.

"He came to me just after we got to Brooklyn with some new tricks he'd invented. Oh, I saw through that! But one of them was too good to pass by, and I let him work it out. Astral manifestation. This was the idea. A living man stands up in the circle. All of a sudden you see his astral body, looking just like him and talking like him, at the other side of the room. It couldn't last long; it had to be a quick, flash appearance and disappearance; that was its only fault. We worked it like this: I was to do the double appearance. They would have in the cabinet a mask just like my face. I would be standing beside the light, across the room, when Doctor Coleman announced the manifestation and asked the circle to look and see if I wasn't there. Then they'd shove the mask, painted to look like my face and collar, through the cabinet curtains. In a light like that you can't see black clothes against black curtains, though you think you see them. That goes in all spook work. They only had to see my face and collar. Then I was to speak, and J—he was to speak out of the cabinet, imitating my voice, and then they'd pull in the mask and I'd drop on the floor at the other end of the room and be found fainting. He made a mask like my face, and we practiced. It was fine. Only one thing had to be polished off. He couldn't imitate my voice well enough. He started in to work on his voice.

"On that Sunday night I took the notion after supper that we'd practice a little. I got the mask out of the chair drawer and started for the kitchen to get her and him. I was wearing my felt slippers, so I made no noise. They were ridding up the kitchen together—he used to help with the dishes so as to get everything out of the way before the sitters came.

"And I heard her say, 'I wish he wouldn't act as he does toward me!'

"She was complaining of me to him! I don't know what happened until I got her by the hair and wrists, and then I heard her yell:

"'Don't stab him!' I just turned in time. He missed me, and I got him by the wrist. He was like a boy in my hands. I wrenched his wrist until I took the knife away. I kicked him off, and, just then, the doorbell rang! It was the first sitter. I guess he saw—I saw, anyway—that we'd have to settle after the séance. He ran to his room and locked the door. I shoved the knife and mask into my inside pocket and let in the sitters. While the parlor was filling up, Jane got out and went to his room. She came back and said: 'He'll show; go on with the sitting.' That was what really did it—her having his confidence that way. But we went on; and I hadn't time to think until the lights were down, and the circle was singing and I was standing by the lamp. When the voices started I noticed breaks in the talk. It seemed to me they were whispering in there, and it came to me, as it never came before, that they were alone in the cabinet together every Tuesday and Sunday night.

"Right there the idea struck me. I could no more stop it than I can stop—what's coming. I'd been reading a piece in a spiritualist paper that afternoon asking, if a man stabbed a spook in a fake materializing séance, believing he was stabbing a ghost, could they hold him for murder? I had the knife in my pocket—that mask and the thumb-tack we used to fasten it to the pole.

"Everything was black; nobody was looking at the lamp. I tacked the mask on the wall just at the height of my head, dropped on to the floor, crawled up to the back row, and looked back at it. The trick was perfect. I looked the other way; there was the aisle in front of me, running clear to the cabinet. I turned up my coat collar, so that my white collar wouldn't show from the back. And, just then, he came out of the cabinet—playing Josephus. I knew every sitter there, and knew that nobody would recognize Josephus and get in my way; he was just a stock spook thrown in for a blind. I didn't wait any longer. Keeping my face to the floor until I was clear of the front row, I crawled over the carpet and reached up to where—where I knew it came under the robe—and did it ——

"Nobody watched anything but the ghost. I scrambled back down the aisle, got below the light-box, covered my face with my arms, rose right up in front of the mask, and uncovered my face. Just when I turned up the light I jerked down the mask with the other hand and put it in my pocket. I'd thought how to lose it. I was going to slip out to telephone for the police and get rid of it then; but first I had to give her the cue. When they uncovered the cabinet and found her there I whispered to her to say it was a materialized spirit, and stick to it. Right there—you came in. That is all. I did it."

V

IT BECAME a matter of professional remark, as the years went on, that Madame Rosalie Le Grange was never troubled by the police. If the profession had only known it, this was not unconnected with the sudden rise of Detective-Sergeant Martin McGee. His pull, reënforced by his clever solution of the Haywood murder mystery, brought him a captaincy within three years.

One night, four years after the Haywood affair, the plain-clothes men of Captain McGee's precinct made a slip. In arresting a nest of clairvoyants they failed to overlook Rosalie Le Grange. Captain McGee, coming from his office to inspect the prisoners, caught her hazel eye, started, and said to the sergeant:

"I want to examine that woman in my office. Book the rest."

Alone, behind the captain's door, they shook hands as old friends.

"Of course, you'll go right out for lack of evidence," said McGee. "But I was thinking just yesterday I wanted to see you. I've been turning that Haywood business over in my mind lately. The rest was keen work, and I can explain it all but how you got the name of Congleton?"

"Spirits!"

"Come off!" said Captain McGee. "I've learned about the Blue Book since, and I've had my aunt Annie Johnson on the carpet. You fooled me then. Now, I'm on to you."

"Woman sense and horse sense, then," smiled Rosalie.

"That don't explain John Congleton."

"Oh, if it bothers you," said Rosalie, "I had him for a spook in St. Paul just before the Haywoods did—gave him a job to help him out, and fired him when I learned what he was. I wasn't taking no risks with escaped convicts. I knew his voice the minute I heard Doctor Coleman speak in the Haywood cabinet."

Captain McGee whistled. Then he drew a cynical police conclusion as he asked:

"What did you do it for—help me out, I mean—was it Professor Beach or Congleton you were in love with?"

"Smart, ain't you?" said Rosalie. "Smart as you used to be. No, sir, when I fall in love it ain't in the profession; though I *was* glad to do Professor Beach a good turn. But I called on the Haywoods once—and it was the sight of that little woman mashed up against the wall because she was afraid of him."

(THE END)


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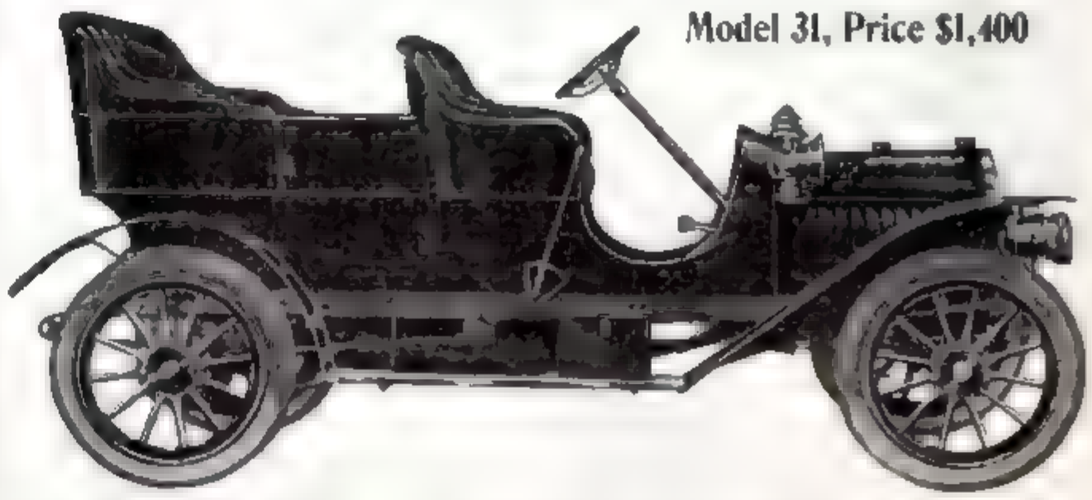

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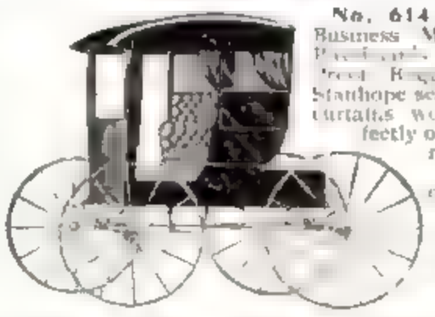

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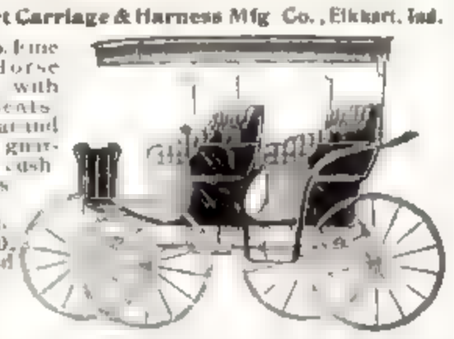

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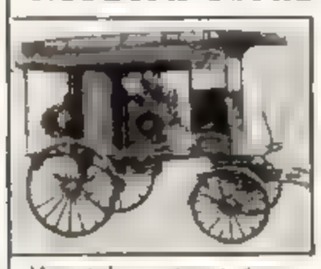

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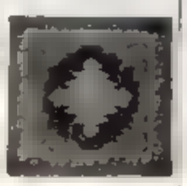

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# A TRACTION TRANSACTION

(Continued from Page 8)

Billy Ricks as gardener and man-of-all-work. The vast sensation that might have been created by the hiring of three servants, and by the other lusciously-extravagant expenditures faithfully chronicled in the daily issues of the Battlesburg Blade, were swallowed up in a still greater sensation; for during the absence of the noted financier Mr. Wallingford had become a vast throbbing mystery to the town of his adoption. He had been gone only two days when, in the Battlesburg Blade, there appeared the heading:

OUR MILLIONAIRE

Favors Paris with Crumbs of the Good Fortune Falling from Battlesburg's Table

The article that followed was a clipping from the Paris Times, and from this it seemed that Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford, the famous multi-millionaire, late of Boston and New York, but now of their neighbor and county seat, Battlesburg, had been purchasing property liberally along the main street of Paris, giving in exchange his promissory notes for ninety days, which notes, upon the telephonic advice of the Honorable G. W. Battles, of Battlesburg, were as good as gold. Similar reports were reprinted on successive days from the London News, the Dublin Banner, the Berlin Clarion, the Rome Vindicator, and from the papers of other towns still farther away. It was Clint Richards who became the Sherlock Holmes of Battlesburg and found the solution to this mystery, being led thereto by the fact that the only towns where Mr. Wallingford was purchasing this property were along the direct east and west highway, which, running through Battlesburg, paralleled the P. D. S. Railroad from Lawrenceville to Elliston. These two towns were not only the terminals of the P. D. S. Railroad, but the respective outposts of the great Midland Valley traction system and the vast Golden West traction system. The conclusion was obvious that either Colonel Wallingford intended to finance a traction road connecting those two great terminal points, or that he had absolute knowledge that such a line was to be built: *and Colonel Wallingford had chosen Battlesburg for his headquarters!*

It was exhilarating to see how Battlesburg arose to the vast possibilities of this conjecture. Men who but a brief two weeks before had slouched to their work in the morning as to a mere daily grind, now stepped forward briskly with smiles upon their faces and high courage in their hearts. Every man who had a dollar lying idle looked upon that dollar now not as so much rusting metal, but as being a raft which might float him high upon the shore of golden prosperity. Only Pete Parsons of all that town croaked a note of discord. He never for one moment forgot that J. Rufus Wallingford, upon the day he first registered at the Palace Hotel, had no baggage with him.

The return of Mr. Wallingford after this revelation was a tremendous ovation. Clint Richards had fairly to paw his way through the crowd that surrounded him on the steps of the bank, where he had stopped to draw a mere five hundred or so for his pocket-money; but, once inside the closely-packed circle, Clint pinned Colonel Wallingford down to an admission of his plans.

Yes, the Lawrenceville, Battlesburg and Elliston Traction Line was a thing of the near future. All that remained was to secure rights-of-way. Battlesburg would, in all probability, be headquarters, and the L., B. & E. might even build its car-shops here if the citizens of Battlesburg were willing to do their share.

Mr. Richards reached out impulsively to grasp the hand of Colonel Wallingford, but it was already in possession of Judge Lampton, who, thrilled with emotion, guaranteed Colonel Wallingford that the city of Battlesburg would not only be glad, but be proud, to perform her part in this great work. He might have said more, but that the Honorable G. W. Battles, who had emerged upon the steps of the bank just above and behind Colonel Wallingford, publicly thanked that gentleman, on behalf of his fellow-citizens, for this vast boon. Appreciating the opportunity thus thrown upon his very doorstep, Mr. Battles quickly packed the street, to the opposite curb, with his admiring fellow-townsmen, and gave them a half-hour of such eloquence as only a Battles could summon upon the spur of the moment, and Colonel Wallingford, looming beside him as big and as impressive as the Panama bond issue, looked his part, every inch!

No open-air political meeting, no Fourth of July speechmaking, no dedication or grand opening had ever given rise to such tumultuous fervor as this. There were cheers and tigers galore for Colonel Wallingford, for the Honorable G. W. Battles, for Judge Lampton, for the Battlesburg Blade, for the L., B. & E. traction line, for the city of Battlesburg, for everything and everybody, until the ecstatic throng was too hoarse to cheer any more; and then, at Colonel Wallingford's cordial solicitation, the entire town moved down to the mansion which, by the magic of his money, this great benefactor had built within and without the shell of the one-time Star Boarding House. They filled his yard, they trampled down his grass, they invaded his newly-carpeted house, and the male portion of them passed in earnest review before his sideboard. Cakes and sandwiches were on the way in hot haste from Andy Wolf's bakeshop, boxes of cigars stood open upon the porch, ice cream appeared for the ladies. Suddenly there arose sweet strains of music upon the air, and down the street at a quick march, accompanied by happy Billy Ricks, came the Battlesburg brass band. Never before was Battlesburg so spontaneously aroused.

Into the midst of that happy throng, where Colonel Wallingford, laughing from the sheer joy of feeding people into allegiance, moved among them like a prince in the midst of his devoted subjects, came copies of the Battlesburg Blade, wet from the press, an extra special edition. Great piles of them were kept replenished upon the porch throughout the evening, so that every inhabitant of the city of promise should know all the golden future that lay before them—and learn to subscribe. Battlesburg was at last to become the New Metropolis of the West; her citizens were to be in the very vortex of a vast whirlpool of wealth, and not one of them but should wax rich. From the East and from the West, from villages and farms, trade would rush in an endless stream, aboard the trolley cars of the L., B. & E. traction line; Main Street of Battlesburg should become a Mecca where countless pilgrims would leave their stream of bright and shining dollars. As business increased, property values would rise. With the first singing of the trolleys a hundred-dollar lot would be worth a thousand. And all this through the advent of that master magician of the modern commercial world, Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford!

Marked copies of that issue of the Blade were sent to Paris, to London, to Dublin, to Berlin, to Rome and to all the other towns between Lawrenceville and Elliston, and all the papers along the route of the proposed new traction line caught up the information eagerly. Within three days a boom had started along every foot of what had been before but a lazy, dusty hundred miles of country road. It was a magnificent effect. Even Mrs. Wallingford read the accounts of this stupendous movement, which her husband had inaugurated, with wonder and amazement, and laid down the first *eight-page issue* of the Blade with sparkling eyes.

"Jim," she exclaimed, "I'm proud of you! It is worth something to have started thousands of people into new activity, new hope, new life; to have, by your own unaided efforts, doubled and tripled and quadrupled within just a few days the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property!"

Mr. Wallingford at that moment was pouring himself out a glass of champagne, and now he laughed.

"It is a big stunt, Fannie," he agreed, "especially when you come to think that outside of our traveling expenses it was all done at an expense of two-fifty cash, the amount I paid Lampton when I bought those first options."

*V*

MONEY! At last its magic presence hovered over Battlesburg, a vast beneficent spirit that quivered in the very air and rendered the mere act of breathing

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an intoxication. Its glitter enhanced the glory of the very sunlight, and to its clinking music the staid inhabitants of the town that had slumbered for half a century quickened their pace as if inspired by the strains of a martial air. The same quickening that applied to individuals applied also to the town as a whole. Civic pride and ambition were aroused. The day after Wallingford returned the Chamber of Commerce convened in special session, and a committee, composed of Henry Quig and Max Geldenstein, escorted Colonel Wallingford before that august board, where the Honorable G. W. Battles, as president, asked of the eminent capitalist a pregnant question. Battlesburg wanted the shops of the L., B. & E. traction line. What did the L., B. & E. want?

His requirements were modest, Colonel Wallingford assured them. He demanded no cash bonus whatever. If they would merely provide him the ground to build the shops, and a lot conveniently placed in the centre of the city for a freight, baggage and passenger station, and would use their influence with the city council to secure him a franchise, he would be content. He had secured options upon the very pieces of property that would be ideal for the purpose of the L., B. & E., but upon these he would ask no profit whatever, notwithstanding their enhanced value and his right to share in the wealth he had created. If the Chamber of Commerce would merely take up his options, repaying him the amounts he paid to secure them, he would ask no more, and, further than that, he would take the option money, would add to it a like sum—or more—and with the total amount would purchase a fountain for Courthouse Square as an earnest of his sincere regard for Battlesburg and its enterprising and gentlemanly citizens.

The enthusiasm that greeted this announcement was distinctly audible for two blocks each way on Main Street, and in the midst of it the Honorable G. W. Battles arose to make once more the speech of his life.

He could assure Colonel Wallingford that there would be no trouble in influencing the City Council to grant him a franchise, for the Chamber of Commerce had means of coercing the City Council, which was a splendid joke, for every member of the City Council was also a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and they were all present. Such a quantity of mutual good-will and esteem was never before uncorked in so limited a space as the social room of Odd Fellows' Hall, and Clint Richards was quite lost to find new adjectives for the front page of the next day's issue of the Blade.

The glorious news, together with some striking illustrations of the healthy advance of Battlesburg real estate, was copied in the papers of Paris, London, Dublin, Berlin and Rome. In those towns, too, the same civic activity was exhibited, the same golden hopes were aroused, the same era of prosperity set in; and the papers of those villages vied with each other in chronicling the evidences of increased wealth that had come upon them. Franchises, therefore, were to be had by the munificent Colonel Wallingford without the asking. Before he could reach them village councils had given him the exclusive use of their only desirable streets for fifty years without money and without price. Ground for stations was donated everywhere, and when Wallingford started out to secure a right-of-way from farmers, posted by telephone and rural free delivery, his triumphant progress would have sickened with envy the promotors of legitimate traction lines.

Discarding the big touring-car, he secured a horse and buckboard, and donning yellow leather boots with straps and buckles at the calf, appeared upon the road the very apotheosis of a constructive engineering contractor; and when he stepped to the ground, big and hearty, and head and shoulders above nearly every man he went to see; when he gave them that cordial handclasp and laughed down upon them in that jovial way, every battle was half won. The thorough democracy of the man—that was what caught them! Moreover, the value of every foot of ground along the traction line was to be enhanced; at every farmhouse was to be an official stopping point with a platform; cars were to be run at least every hour; it would be possible to go to town in either direction, perform an errand and get back quickly, at infinitesimal cost and without sparing a horse from the field; sidings were to be made everywhere, and wheat cars, whenever required, would be loaded directly from the fields, the cost of transportation being guaranteed to remain less than one-half that charged by the railroad; express cars were to be inaugurated, and upon these, milk, butter, eggs, produce of all kinds, could be shipped at trifling expense.

While Wallingford was enjoying this new rôle he had created, his wife had also her taste of an entirely new life. She had no more than settled down in her new house than Mrs. G. W. Battles called upon her. Following her lead came Mrs. Geldenstein and Mrs. Quig and Mrs. Dorsett and the other acknowledged social leaders of the town. True, they criticised her house, her gowns, her manner of speech, her way of doing up her hair, but, this solemn duty performed, they unanimously agreed that she was a distinct acquisition to the polite life of the place. Never in all her married life had she enjoyed any position approaching this. They had been nomads always, but now she had actual calls to make, actual, sober, formal friendships to cement, all these made possible by her husband's vast importance in the community; and upon Wallingford's triumphant return from his campaign for the right-of-way he was surprised to find her grown so young and care-free.

"I like this place, Jim," she told him in explanation. "Let's fix it to stay here always."

He gazed down at her and laughed.

"What have you been doing?" he inquired. "Giving pink teas? Getting credit for your diamonds and those Paris dresses and hats?"

She laughed with him in sheer lightness of spirits.

"It's more than that," she said. "It is because I'm a human being at last. I have a chance to be a real woman like other women, and it is nice to have everybody looking up to you as the biggest man in town, not even excepting Mr. Battles. Why, you could go to the Legislature from here! You could be elected to any office they have! You could even be Governor, I think."

He laughed again and shook his head.

"There isn't enough in it," he stated. "I'd rather promote a traction line. This is the best ever. Why, Fannie, the entire population on both sides of the road for a solid hundred miles is laying awake nights and turning handsprings by day, all just to make money for yours truly."

"They owe it to you," she insisted. "Look how much money you're making for them. The only thing I don't like about it is that you're away so much. You must manage, though, to be home the twenty-first. I'm going to give a lawn reception."

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Every little bit helps. It's a good business move," and he walked away, laughing.

*VI*

AN ENGINEER appeared upon the scene and ran a line straight down the centre of Main Street, amid intense excitement on the part of the populace; then he trailed off into the country, and farmers driving into town reported seeing him at work all along the line. It was strange the amount of business that farmers found in town of late. Never before had so brisk a country trade been enjoyed at this season of the year, and the results were far-reaching. The Honorable G. W. Battles, on the occasion of one of Wallingford's visits to the bank, invited him into the back room.

"Are you going to build that hotel, Colonel?" he asked as soon as they were seated.

"I scarcely think so," replied Wallingford. "The traction line itself is going to take all my time to look after it, and I really do not see how I can take part in any other work of magnitude."

"That lot, then," began Mr. Battles hesitatingly. "You know that property belongs to me. Judge Lampton, the very day you called here, came for a power of attorney to dispose of it. Of course, your option hasn't expired yet, but, if you don't figure on using the ground, I might consider the building of a hotel myself."

"Good investment," declared Wallingford. "Just pay me the difference in increased valuation and take over the ground."

"The difference in valuation?" mused Mr. Battles. "Of course, I appreciate the fact that you are entitled to some of the wealth you produce for us. About how


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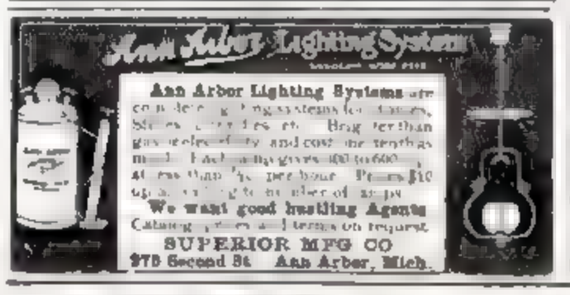
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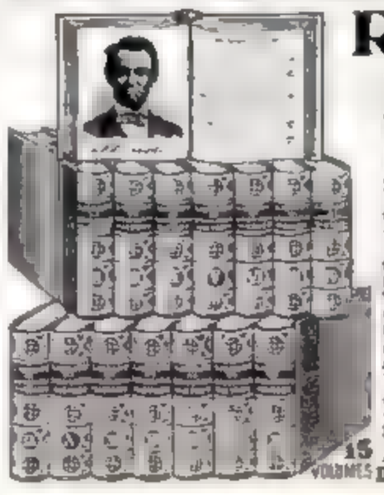


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much do you think the property has increased?"

"Oh, about four times," said Wallingford. "The lot's probably worth two thousand by now."

He had looked for a vigorous objection to this, but, when the other turned to a scratch-pad and began figuring, he was sorry that he had not asked more, for, presently, Mr. Battles turned to him with:

"Well, in the way property has been going I presume the lot is worth about two thousand. You paid a twenty-five-dollar option to hold it for ninety days, and that, of course, you lose. You owe me five hundred for the property and I owe you two thousand."

With no further words he took from his desk his private checkbook and wrote Mr. Wallingford a check for fifteen hundred dollars. Then, as by a common impulse, they walked straight up to the office of the Battlesburg Blade. That evening's issue flamed anew. The new hotel was a certainty. It would be called the Battles House. It would be four or five stories in height, and ground would be broken for it as soon as the plans could be prepared. In the same item were published the details of the real-estate transaction. Mr. Battles had paid two thousand dollars for his own property, which, less than two months before, he would have been glad to sell at five hundred dollars! Battlesburg was waking up.

Mr. Geldenstein and Henry Quig came to Mr. Wallingford with another proposition. Did he intend to build the new opera house, or would he care to dispose of the property he had secured with that end in view? As a favor to them he would dispose of it. With the money he had received from Mr. Battles he had already taken up his option on this and other property, and he let the opera-house syndicate have it for three thousand, four times what it had cost him. In the papers of Paris, London, Dublin, Berlin, Rome, these things were retold, and the temperature of those places went up another degree or two. Keeping his fingers carefully upon the pulse of the town, Wallingford began to draw upon his capital and close in his options. Men, whose property he had been holding in leash, accepted that money with wailing and gnashing of teeth, but, within a week, whatever of selfish bitterness they might have held was forgotten in the fever of speculation; for by the end of that time there appeared on the hill just east of town a gang of men with horses and scrapers—and they began chipping off the top of that hill!

Wallingford was out there every morning in his buckboard and yellow leggings and yellow leather cap. The Battlesburg Blade and all the other papers from Lawrenceville to Elliston blazed with the fact that actual construction work had begun upon the L., B. & E., and the time when trolleys would begin to whiz through the main streets of a dozen villages was calculated to a second. Supply men, the agents of street-car shops, of ironworks, of electrical machinery, and the like, began flocking to Battlesburg, until even Pete Parsons woke up and raised his hotel rates, and the arrival of each one of them was heralded in Colonel Wallingford's invaluable adjunct, the Evening Blade. From these men Mr. Wallingford secured "cuts," which he distributed gratis, and pictures of the palatial L., B. & E. cars appeared in all the papers along its right-of-way; photographs of the special wheat cars, of the freight and express cars, even of the through sleeping cars, which would traverse the L., B. & E., carrying passengers from the western limit of the Midland Valley traction system to the most eastern point of the Golden West traction system.

Ground for the opera house and the hotel was broken within a month, and, immediately upon this, small gangs of men were set to work grading near half a dozen different towns at once upon the projected route. The supreme moment of Wallingford's planning had arrived, for now leaped into devouring flame the blaze that he had kindled. What had at first been a quickening of business became a craze. At a rapidly-accelerating pace property began to change hands, with a leap in value at every change. Men thought by day and dreamt by night of nothing but real-estate speculation. A hundred per cent. could be made in a day by a lucky trade. A mere "suburban" lot that was purchased in the morning for two hundred and fifty dollars, by night could be sold for five hundred, and every additional transaction added fuel to the flames. The papers chronicled these deals as examples of the wonderful wealth that had suddenly descended upon their respective towns. Money, long hoarded, leaped forth from its hiding-places. Everybody had money, everybody was making money. Even the farmers made real-estate purchases in the towns, not to hold, but to turn over.

The craze for speculation had at last seized upon them all, and it was now that Wallingford began to reap his harvest. A sale here, a sale there, with an occasional purchase to offset them, and he gradually began to unload, making it a rule never to close a deal that did not net him ten times the amount that he had invested. He was on the road constantly now, first in one village and then in another, ostensibly to look after details of the building of his route, but in reality to snap up money that was certain to be offered him for this or that or the other piece of property that he held.

And all this time the people to whom he sold were raving of the wealth that he had made for them! Battlesburg nor any other town stopped for a moment to consider that he had brought it not one cent of new wealth; that the money they were passing so feverishly from hand to hand was their own; that the values he had created for them were purely artificial. They would only realize this after he had gone, and then would come gradually the knowledge that, in place of creating wealth, he had lost it to them in the exact amount that he carried away. Never in all his planning had it crossed his mind really to build a traction line. Throughout the stretch of a hundred miles he had succeeded in starting a mad, unreasoning scramble for real estate, and he, having bought first to sell last, was the principal gainer. He was unloading now at flood-tide from one end of the line to the other, and the ebb would see all these thousands of people standing dazed and agape upon the barren beach of their hopes. Some few shrewd ones would be ahead, but for the most part the "investors" would find themselves with property upon their hands bought at an absurd valuation that could never be realized.

At no time did Wallingford talk to his wife about his plans and intentions. She, like the rest of them, saw the work apparently pushing forward, and gave herself up to the social triumphs that were hers at last. She was supremely happy.

### VII

WALLINGFORD, hurrying in late from the road, found a gay lawn party in progress at his home, and Mrs. Wallingford, in a shimmering white gown, was moving among her guests with a flush upon her cheeks that heightened the sparkling of her eyes. The grounds had been wired, and electric lights of many colors glowed among the trees. On the porch an orchestra, recruited from the ranks of the Battlesburg band, discoursed ambitious music. It was by far the gayest party of the summer, and Wallingford smiled grimly as he thought of the awakening that must come within a week or so. He had reached the house unobserved, and paused for a moment outside the fence to view the scene as a stranger might.

"I made it myself," he mused, with a strange perversion of pride. "I'm the Big Josh, all right; but it will be a shame to kick the props out from under all this giddy jubilee."

His wife discovered him and came smiling to meet him, and on his way into the house to change his clothing Tim Battles met him at the porch steps with a cordial handshake.

"Well, how goes it, Colonel?" asked the mayor. "We're listening now for the hum of the trolleys almost any day."

"Maybe you're deaf," retorted Wallingford enigmatically, and laughed. "What will you do if the golden spike is never pounded in?"

"Drop dead," replied the other promptly. "Every cent I could lay my hands on is invested in property for which I'm refusing all sorts of fancy prices, and I'm not going to sell any of it until your first car whizzes through Main Street. Lucky you got back to-night. You'd regret it if you didn't hear my speech at the fountain dedication to-morrow."

"Is it up?" inquired Wallingford perfunctorily.

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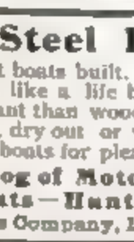

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He said this because his father was approaching them, and all three of them laughed at the sally. When Wallingford, cleansed and dressed, came downstairs again, he was more jovially cordial than usual, even for him, and made his guests, as he always did, feel how incomplete the evening would have been without his presence; but after they had all gone he withdrew into the library, where, after she had seen to the setting of her house to rights, his wife joined him. He had taken a bottle of wine in with him, but it stood upon the table unopened. He sat close by it, holding an unlighted cigar, and was gazing thoughtfully out of the window. She hesitated in the doorway and he looked up slowly.

"Come in, Fannie," he said heartily. "Sit down;" and opening the wine he poured out a glass for her.

She sipped at it and set it back upon the table.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked solicitously. "Don't you feel well? Aren't things going right?"

"Never felt better in my life," he declared, "and things never panned out half so good. I guess I'm tired. I never pulled off anything near so big a game, but my end of the boom is over. To-day I sold the last piece of property I own, except this. Of course, I've been too wise to sell any of the ground that was given to me for shops and depots and terminal stations. I'd lay myself open to the law if I did that; and the law and I are real chummy. I'm particular about the law. But I am rid of everything else, and, in the five months we have been here, I have cleaned up over two hundred thousand dollars."

"The most money we ever did have!" she exclaimed. "Is that in addition to the hundred thousand we had when we came here?"

"All velvet," he assured her. "We have over three hundred thousand now, all told; a full third of a million!"

"I knew you could do it if you only set yourself to it," she declared. "And all of that fortune, for it is a fortune, Jim, was made in a clean, honorable way."

He looked up at her, puzzled. Could it be possible that she did not understand?

"*Is* a dollar honest?" he responded dryly.

The next morning ushered in a great day for Battlesburg. Early in the dawn two carpenters appeared in the courthouse square and began putting up a platform, but, early as they were, boys were already on the ground, trying to peer beneath the mysterious swathings of the "veiled" fountain. Dan Hopkins set up his ice cream and candy stand, and Jim Moller appeared with his red and blue and green toy balloons. About nine o'clock the farm wagons came lumbering into town with the old folks. About ten, smart "rigs" drawn by real "high steppers" came speeding in ahead of whirling clouds of dust, and these rigs carried the young folks. By noon there were horses tied to every hitching-post, and genuine throngs shuffled aimlessly up one side of Main Street and down the other. There was the sound of shrieking whistles and of hoarse tin horns; there was the usual fight in front of Len Bradley's blacksmith shop. At one o'clock strange noises were wafted out upon the street from Odd Fellows' Hall. The Battlesburg brass band was practicing. At 1:30 the courthouse square was jammed from fence to fence, and the street in front was black with people, the narrow lane between being constantly broken by perspiring mothers darting frantically after Willie and Susie and Baby Johnnie.

Za-a-a-am! At last here came the band, two and two, down the street, to the inspiriting strains of Marching Through Georgia, with Will Derkes at the head in a shako two feet high and performing the most marvelous gyrations with a shining brass baton. Right through the crowd went the band, and in about ten minutes it came back to the lively step of The Girl I Left Behind Me. Following the music came carriages, trailed off by Ben Kirby's gayly-decorated grocery wagon; and in the first carriage of all were the Honorable G. W. Battles, the Honorable Timothy Battles, Judge Lampton, and last, but not least, that master of golden plenty, Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford! Ah, there rode the progress and prosperity, the greatness and power, the initiative and referendum not only of Battlesburg, but of a dozen once poor, now rich, villages between Lawrenceville and Elliston! Amid mingled music and huzzas the noble assemblage took their places upon the platform, the gentlemen in the front row, the ladies in the rear; and, at one side, was a table and a chair for that thoroughly-alive representative of the press, Clint Richards.

The band stopped abruptly. The Honorable G. W. Battles had held up his hand for silence. He had the honor to introduce the speaker of the day, Mayor Timothy Battles, but before doing so he would take up a trifle of their time, only a few brief moments, to congratulate his beloved fellow-citizens upon the brave and patriotic struggle they had made to bring Battlesburg to such a thriving condition that it could attract Eastern capital; and in vivid, glowing, burning words he depicted the glorious future that awaited Battlesburg when she should become the new Queen of the Prairies, the new Metropolis of the Middle West, the new Arbiter of Commerce and Wealth! Nobody escaped the Honorable G. W. Battles. From the farmer's hired hand who tilled the soil to the millionaire whose enterprise had made so much possible to them, he gave to every man his just and due meed of praise, and there was not one within hearing of his voice who did not ache at that very moment to vote for the Honorable G. W. Battles, for something, for anything! For full forty-five minutes he introduced the speaker of the day, sitting down at last amid deafening cheers that were so aptly described in that evening's issue of the Battlesburg Blade as "salvos of applause."

The Honorable Timothy Battles, mayor of Battlesburg, had also but very little to say. He also would not take up much of their time. It was merely his privilege to introduce a gentleman whom they all knew well, one who had come among them modestly and unobtrusively, asking nothing for himself, but bringing to them precious Opportunity, of the golden fruits of which they had already been given more than a taste; a gentleman of masterful ability, of infinite resources, of magnificent plans, of vast accomplishment; in short, a gentleman who had made famous, across five counties and to thousands of grateful people, his own name as a synonym for all that was progressive, for all that was vigorous, for all that was ennobling—the name of Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford!

"*Wallingford!*" That was the magic word for which they had waited. Through all of the Honorable G. W. Battles' speech of introduction the name itself had not been used, though the address had bristled with allusions to the gentleman who bore it. In the same manner the Honorable Timothy Battles, trained in the same effective school of oratory, had held back the actual name until this dramatic moment, when, with hand upraised, he shouted it down upon them and waited, smiling, for that tumultuous shout of enthusiasm which he knew to be inevitable.

"WALLINGFORD!" The courthouse square fairly rang with the syllables. Patiently the Honorable Timothy Battles awaited the subsidence of the storm he had so painstakingly created, smiling upon his beloved people with ineffable approval. Not yet was the Honorable Timothy Battles through, however. He had a few words to say about the political party which he had the honor to represent in his humble capacity, and how it had laid the groundwork of the prosperity upon which their friend and benefactor, Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford, had reared such a magnificent superstructure; and amid the deadly silence of enforced respect he made them a rousing political speech for a solid half-hour, after which he really did introduce that splendid benefactor, Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford!

The Colonel, all that a distinguished capitalist should be in externals, arose hugely in his frock coat of black broadcloth and looked at his watch. He was not an orator, he said; he was a mere business man, and as he had listened to the earnest remarks of his very dear friends, the Honorable G. W. Battles and the Honorable Timothy Battles, he felt very humble indeed. He had done but little that he should deserve all the glowing encomiums that had been pronounced upon him. The energetic citizens who stood before him were themselves responsible for the new era of prosperity, and what trifle he had been able to add to it they were quite welcome to have. He only wished that it were more and of greater value. He would remember them, and how they had all worked hand in hand together, throughout life, and in the mean time he thanked


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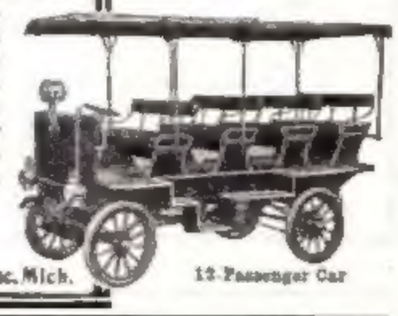

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them, and he thanked them again for their cordial treatment ever since that first and most happy moment that he had come among them. Thanking them yet once more, he mopped his brow and sat down.

Again the Honorable G. W. Battles was upon his feet. He had now, beloved citizens, to call their attention to the beautiful and generous gift that had been made them by their esteemed fellow-townsman, Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford (great applause), and the honor, moreover, to introduce to them the charming wife of that esteemed fellow-townsman, to whose fair hand should be committed the cord that was to reveal to Battlesburg its first official glimpse of this splendid gift. The cord was placed in her hand; the Battlesburg Band, at a signal from the Honorable G. W. Battles, struck into The Star-Spangled Banner; the wife of their esteemed fellow-townsman, confused, yet secretly elated, gave a tug at the silken cord; the gray shroud that had enveloped the new bronze fountain fell apart; Jim Higgins, waiting at the basement window of the courthouse for his signal, turned on the cock and the water spouted high in air, a silver stream in the glorious sunlight of midday, falling back to the basin in a million glittering diamonds. At that moment, gathering these descriptive facts into words as he went, Clint Richards grabbed his notes from the table, and, springing over the railing of the platform, forced his way through the cheering, howling crowd to strike out on a lope for the office of the Battlesburg Blade.

*VIII*

WELL, it was all over. The grand shakedown was accomplished; he had milked his milk; he had sheared his sheep and skinned them, and nailed their hides up to dry. To-morrow, or in two or three days at most, he would quietly disappear and leave all these Reubens to wake up and find themselves waiting at the morgue. But it had been a skyrocket finish, anyhow, and he reflected upon this with a curious satisfaction as he made his slow progress to the street, stopping at every step to shake hands with those who crowded up to greet him as the incomparable human cornucopia. It was with a sigh of relief, however, that he finally reached home, where he could shut himself away from all this adulation.

"Honest, Fannie," he confessed with an uneasy laugh, "it's coming too strong for me. I want to get away from it."

"Away!" she echoed. "I thought you liked all this. I do. I like the place and the people—and we amount to something here."

"That's right, puff up," he bantered her. "I like that tight-vest feeling, too, but I can't keep it going, for the yeast's run out; so it's us for Europe. Next spring I'll try this game again. A couple more such deals, and then I'll jump on to Wall Street and slam the breath out of it. I have an idea or two about that game——"

He stopped abruptly, checked by the dawning horror in his wife's face, then he laughed a bit nervously.

"Go away from here: from the only place where we've ever had respect for ourselves and from others?" she faltered. "Not build the traction line? Make all this happiness I've had a theft that is worse than stealing money? Jim! You can't mean it!"

"You don't understand business," he protested. "This is all perfectly legal, and the traction line wouldn't make me as much in ten years as I've already cleared. I'd be a rank sucker—— Hello, who's this?"

They were standing before the window of the library, and at that moment a road-spattered automobile, one of the class built distinctly for service, stopped in front of the door. Out of it sprang a rather undersized man with a steel-gray beard and very keen, gray eyes, but not at all impressive looking. His clothing was very dusty, but he did not even shake his ulster as he strode up to the porch and rang the bell. Of all their household not even Billy Ricks had as yet returned, and Wallingford himself opened the door.

"Is this the residence of Colonel Wallingford?" asked the man crisply.

"I am Mr. Wallingford."

"I am E. B. Lott, of the Midland Valley Traction System, which was yesterday consolidated with the Golden West group. I dropped in to talk with you about your Lawrenceville-Elliston line."

Mrs. Wallingford stopped for only a moment to gather the full significance of what this might mean, and then hurried upstairs. She was afraid to remain for fear she might betray her own eagerness.

"Step in," said Wallingford calmly, and led the way to the library.

* * * * * * *

It was a week later when Mr. and Mrs. Wallingford took a train for the East to start upon their long-deferred European trip, and a host of friends gathered at the depot to see them away. The Battlesburg Blade had been full of the big consolidation for days. The Lawrenceville, Battlesburg and Elliston Traction line was not merely an assured fact—it had always been that since the coming of Colonel Wallingford—but it was now even a bigger and a better thing than ever, the key to a vast network of trolleys that, with this connecting link, would have its ramifications across more than the fourth part of a continent. The only drawback to all this good was that they were to lose as a permanent resident their esteemed fellow-citizen, Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford—since he had sold his right-of-way, franchises, concessions and good-will—and every issue of the paper, from news columns to editorials, was a tribute to all that this noble, high-principled gentleman had done for Battlesburg.

A score of impulsive women kissed Mrs. Wallingford good-by, and the Honorable G. W. Battles strove against Billy Ricks and Judge Lampton and Clint Richards for the honor of the last handshake with her husband; and after Mrs. Wallingford had fluttered her handkerchief from the car-window for the last time, she pressed it to her eyes.

"I'm going to keep my house there always," she said, when she had calmed, "and whenever we're tired of living at other places I want to come here—home! Why, just think, Jim, it's the only town you ever did business in that you can come back to!"

He agreed with her in this, but, by and by, she found his shoulders heaving with his usual elephantine mirth.

"What is it?" she asked him.

"The joke's on me," he laughed. "The biggest stunt I ever pulled off, and even the baa-baas satisfied. Why, Fannie," and the surprise in his face was almost ludicrous, "it turned out to be a legitimate deal, after all!"

**Editor's Note—This is one of a series of six stories by George Randolph Chester, of which each one is complete in itself.**

## Preferred the Prison

WHEN Myron T. Herrick was comfortably installed as Governor of Ohio, a few days after his inauguration, he was told of an old man who had been thirty-seven years in the penitentiary for some crime for which he had been convicted.

Governor Herrick was told this man had been an exemplary convict, that he had expiated his crime in full, and that it would be a just thing to pardon him.

Governor Herrick sent for the man and had him brought to his office. "So you have served thirty-seven years in prison?" the Governor asked.

"Yes, sir; thirty-seven years."

"If I should pardon you what could you do to prevent your becoming a public charge?"

"Well," the convict replied, "I have learned a trade since I have been in prison and am skillful at it. Perhaps I could make my living that way. Besides, I have earned and saved eight hundred dollars that the warden is keeping for me."

The Governor is a banker and was much interested.

"What would you do with your eight hundred dollars?" he asked.

"Governor," the convict replied, "I would want to consult you about that. You are a man of affairs and I have been shut out of the world for thirty-seven years. What would you advise?"

"The best thing to do with it," said the Governor, "would be to put the money in some good bank and have it invested for you. The bankers would pay you good interest for it."

The convict straightened up. "Send me back, Governor!" he exclaimed. "No banks for mine. There are nineteen of those banker fellows over there in the prison with me now."


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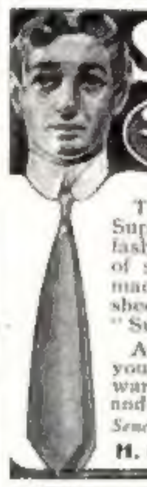

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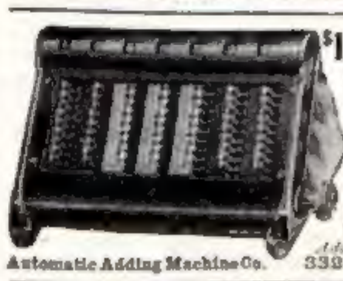

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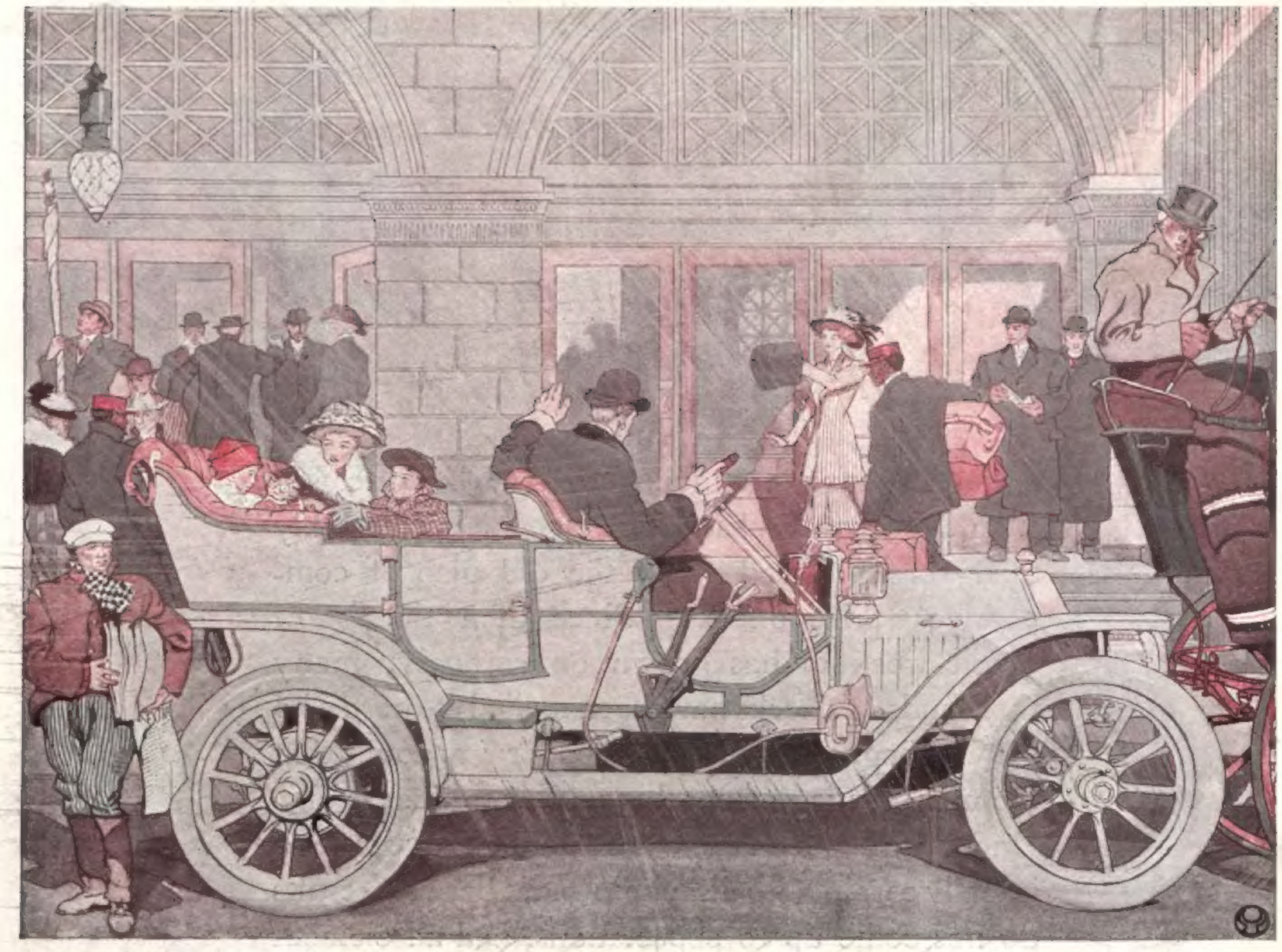

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